



POW-WOW SMITH
INDIAN LAWMAN



NO. 162 AUG.

Detective COMICS

52
BIG
PAGES

Ride
The DANGER TRAIL
WITH
BATMAN
and **ROBIN**
IN
"The LAW of the
IRON ROAD"

10¢

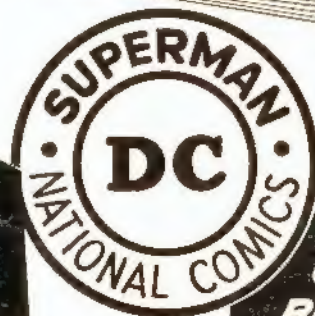


NEW AS Tomorrow!

**52 BIG PAGES IN A
NEWER-THAN-NEW
COMICS MAGAZINE
JAM-PACKED WITH
AMAZING ADVENTURES
IN THE FAR REACHES
OF OUTER SPACE
...CHILLING VISITS
TO STRANGE PLANETS
...HARROWING JOURNEYS
INTO DARK INFINITUDES!**

*You'll THRILL TO
THE CHALLENGE OF
THE UNKNOWN IN*

**STRANGE
ADVENTURES**



**ANOTHER SMASH
MAGAZINE WITH
THIS FAMOUS SYMBOL
ON THE COVER!**

**DON'T
MISS IT!**

**...WHICH IS YOUR
GUARANTEE OF THE
BEST IN ANY COMICS
MAGAZINE!**

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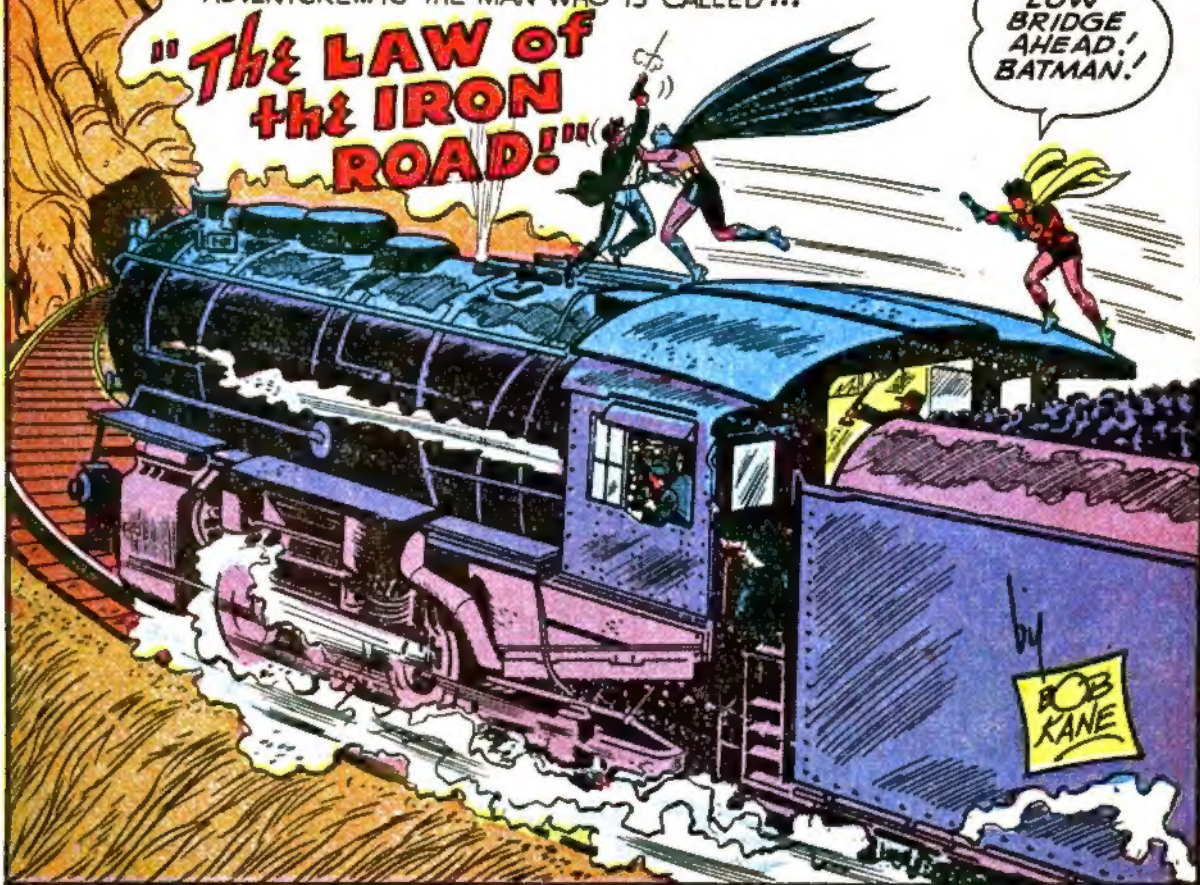
BAT MAN

WITH
ROBIN
-THE BOY WONDER-

THE RAILROAD DETECTIVE IS SELDOM NOTICED. UNSUNG, HE PATROLS THE NATION'S VAST NETWORK OF STEEL RAILS, GUARDS ITS CARGO, PROTECTS ITS PASSENGERS. DANGER IS PART OF HIS JOB, FOR HE MUST BE QUICK ON HIS FEET AND QUICK ON THE DRAW... AS MANY A WOULD-BE TRAIN ROBBER CAN TELL YOU! SO, IT IS TO THE RAILROAD DETECTIVE THAT WE DEDICATE THIS STIRRING **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** ADVENTURE... TO THE MAN WHO IS CALLED ...

**"THE LAW OF
THE IRON
ROAD!"**

LOW
BRIDGE
AHEAD!
BATMAN!



PAUSING AT THE END OF A THRILLING CRIME HUNT, **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** GAZE DOWN UPON A PEACEFUL SCENE...

LOOK AT THAT TRAIN, **BATMAN**. MAYBE IT'S CARRYING A SHIPMENT OF GOLD... OR A FOREIGN DIPLOMAT... OR A BIG MOVIE STAR...

MAYBE, BUT YOU CAN BE SURE THE **RAILROAD POLICE** WILL BE PROTECTING THAT TRAIN, EVEN IF IT'S CARRYING PLAIN **JOHN JONES**.

AND THAT REMINDS ME, **ROBIN**, IT'S TIME YOU LEARNED ABOUT THE **RAILROAD PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION**—AT FIRST HAND.

GREAT! LET'S GET STARTED!

SOON AFTER... IN THE OFFICES OF THE CHIEF SPECIAL AGENT...

THIS IS AGENT **KIP NAYLOR**! HE'LL BRIEF YOU ON OUR WORK.

LATER... IN THE BUSY **GOthAM CITY TERMINAL**...

NOT ALWAYS! WE ALSO PATROL TERMINALS FOR CON-MEN AND PETTY CROOKS... LIKE "**STRANDED STAN**" OVER THERE.

I THOUGHT YOU FELLOWS ONLY WORKED OUTSIDE, ON THE RAILS!

BEG PARDON, SIR, BUT I'VE LOST MY WALLET! AS A LODGE BROTHER, COULD YOU LEND ME FIVE DOLLARS FOR FARE TO... **UH!?**

SAVE YOUR MONEY, MISTER... "**STRANDED STAN**" HAS **DOZENS** OF **PHONEY FRATERNAL PINS**!

AFTERWARD...

AT TANK STOPS, WE'RE EXTRA CAREFUL! **HOBOS** HOP ON WHEN THE TRAIN SLOWS DOWN TO TAKE ON WATER! NOW I'LL CHECK THE **RATTLERS** FOR "**JUMPERS**"...

IN ONE FREIGHT CAR, NAYLOR FINDS TRAMPS—AND TROUBLE!

A CINDERS BULL!

COME TO PUT THE PINCH ON US!

HE AIN'T GONNA GET THE CHANCE!

ABRUPTLY, FISTS AS HARD AS RAIL SPIKES PIN THE VAGRANTS BACK!

WE'VE GOT THIS KIND ABOARD TRAINS!

I'VE HEARD ABOUT RATS ABOARD SHIP...

AFTER JAILING THE TOUGHS...

JUST GOT A CALL—A RUNAWAY KID WAS SEEN AROUND THE YARDS! KIDS THINK THERE'S ADVENTURE ON THE OPEN ROAD! ANY HOBO KNOWS THERE'S NO EXCITEMENT IN BEING HUNGRY AND COLD MOST OF THE TIME.

THEN, SCOOTING TOWARD A SIDING...

I... I'M AFRAID TO GO HOME! I... I'VE GOT A BAD REPORT CARD!

WHOA, SON! YOUR FOLKS ARE WORRIED ABOUT YOU!

LATER, EN ROUTE TO THE OFFICE, NAYLOR POINTS OUT THE HABITS PECULIAR TO RAILROAD MEN...

...NOW, NOTICE THAT FIREMAN BACKING DOWN FROM THE ENGINE? HE *NEVER* DESCENDS FORWARD! THAT'S A SAFETY RULE!

YOU CAN'T FIGHT TROUBLE BY RUNNING AWAY FROM IT! TRY STUDYING HARDER NEXT TIME! REMEMBER, THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME!

YES, SIR!

AGENT NAYLOR'S NEXT ASSIGNMENT—AS BODYGUARD TO A MOVIE ACTRESS!

MISS LAWSON'S EX-HUSBAND, MELVILLE, HAS SWORN HE'LL KILL HER! SHE'S RIDING OUR TRAIN--WE MUST PROTECT HER! KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN!

ROBIN AND I WILL TAG ALONG... IN DISGUISE!

LATER, IN A COMPARTMENT ON A CRACK EXPRESS...

I'VE PLAYED THIS KIND OF ROLE IN PICTURES, BUT THIS IS **REAL LIFE!** I... I'M SCARED!

EASY, MISS LAWSON! JUST PRETEND THIS IS ONLY A MOVIE... WITH A HAPPY ENDING!

IN A NEARBY COMPARTMENT, DISGUISED **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** GROW RESTLESS...

NO SIGN OF MELVILLE YET! I WONDER HOW LONG WE'VE BEEN RIDING?

WHAT TIME IS IT, CONDUCTOR?

IT'S TWENTY MINUTES AFTER FIVE, SIR!

ROBIN... THAT MAN ISN'T A CONDUCTOR! HE'S A **FAKE!** I'LL TELL YOU WHY LATER!

UNAWARE THAT HIS MASQUERADE HAS BEEN DISCOVERED, THE "CONDUCTOR" KNOCKS ON MISS LAWSON'S COMPARTMENT...

OH, IT'S YOU, CONDUCTOR!

I KNEW THIS UNIFORM WOULD FOOL HIM! NOW I'LL FINISH HIM-- THEN **HER!**

SUDDENLY...

WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU, MELVILLE!

SOMEHOW, WITH A MADMAN'S STRENGTH, MELVILLE TEARS LOOSE AND SCRAMBLES TOPSIDE...

YOU HAVEN'T A CHANCE!

YOU TALK PRETTY BIG FOR SOMEONE WHO HASN'T CAUGHT ME!

ATOP THE SLICK, SWAYING CARS, THE MANIAC PRODUCES ANOTHER GUN...

YOU CARRIED A SPARE, EH? IT WON'T HELP! DROP IT!

GO AHEAD... TRY AND TALK ME OUT OF KILLING YOU!

SUDDENLY, THE MADMAN IS BRUSHED BY "TELLTALES"—HANGING STRIPS THAT WARN OF A TUNNEL AHEAD!

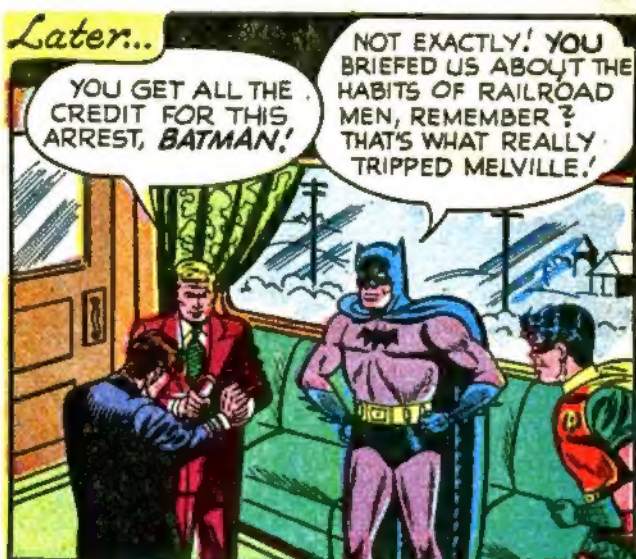
HUH?!

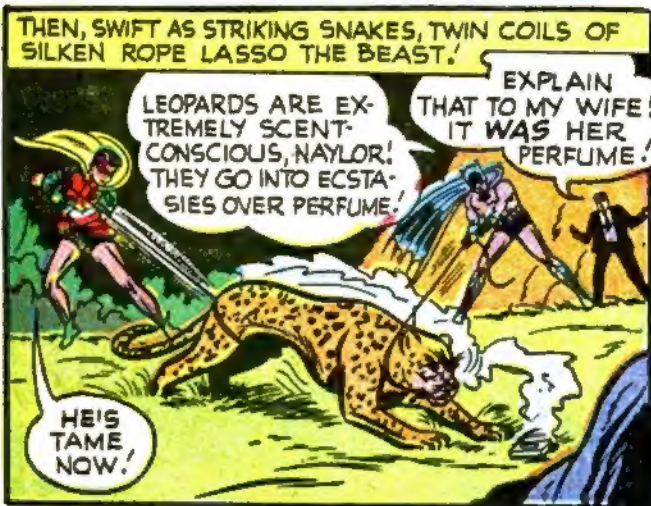
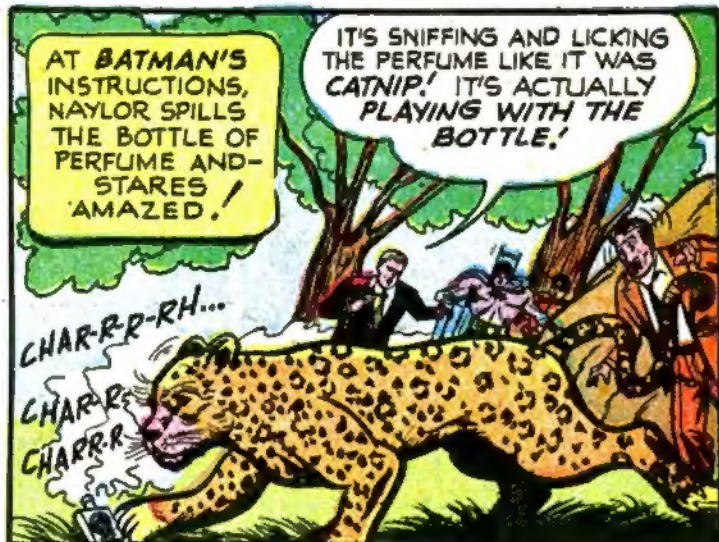
NOW!

ONE SLIP, ONE MOMENT OF WEAKNESS, MEANS CERTAIN DEATH AS THE TWO MEN GRAPPLE SAVAGELY!

I'LL KILL YOU...
I'LL KILL YOU!

ABRUPTLY THE TRAIN PLUNGES INTO THE TUNNEL'S BLACK DEPTHS! WHEN IT FINALLY EMERGES ONLY ONE MAN WILL STAND ERECT, VICTORIOUS! WHO WILL IT BE?



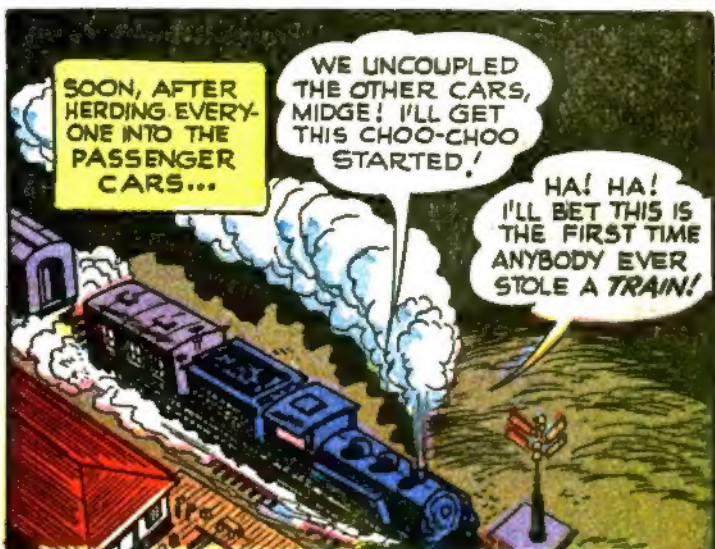




WARILY, THE MIDGET OPENS THE BARRED CAR DOOR FOR HIS ACCOMPLICES...

MIKE, MAKE THE ENGINEER STOP THE TRAIN!

RIGHT, MIDGE!



SOON, AFTER HERDING EVERY ONE INTO THE PASSENGER CARS...

WE UNCOUPLED THE OTHER CARS, MIDGE! I'LL GET THIS CHOO-CHOO STARTED!

HA! HA! I'LL BET THIS IS THE FIRST TIME ANYBODY EVER STOLE A TRAIN!



SOON AFTER, EVERY AGENT IN THE VICINITY IS ALERTED, INCLUDING AGENT NAYLOR, AT THE SCENE OF THE CIRCUS WRECK.

THE ENGINE'S BEEN SPOTTED! IT'S RUNNING WILD! IT'S BOUND TO SMASH INTO THE JUNCTION UNLESS WE STOP IT IN TIME!

COME ON! THE BATMOBILE CAN GET US THERE FAST!

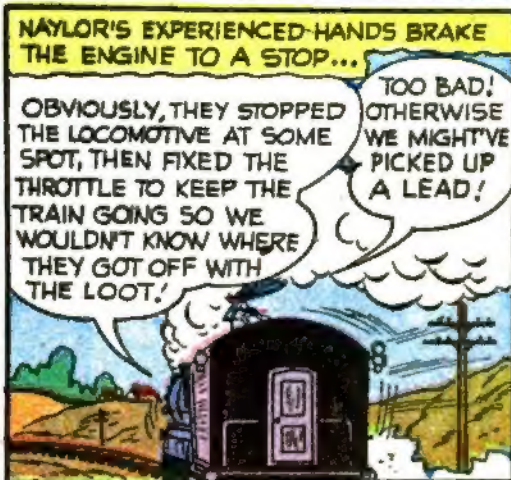


MOMENTS LATER, TWO TENSE FIGURES ARE POISED ON THE ROOF OF THE SPEEDING BATMOBILE!

KEEP THE WHEEL STEADY, ROBIN! OKAY, NAYLOR... GET SET!



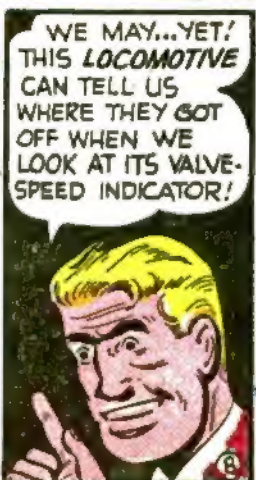
JUMP!



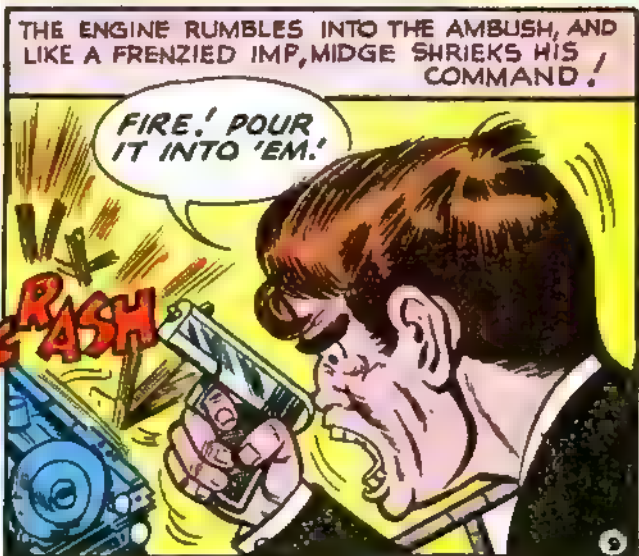
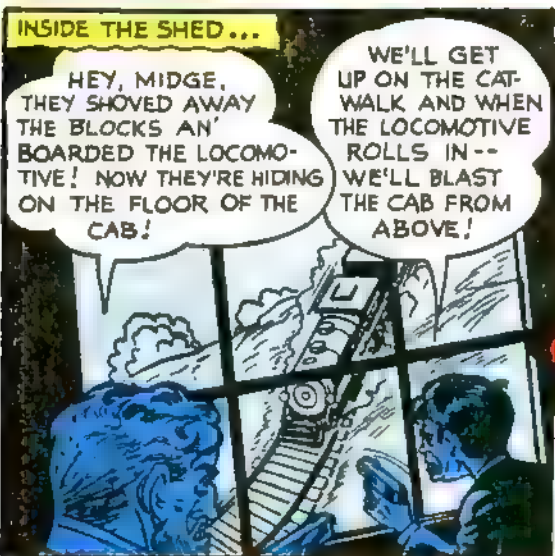
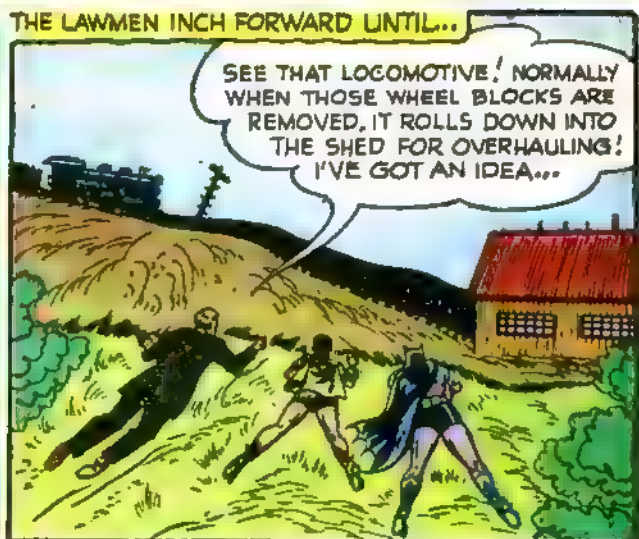
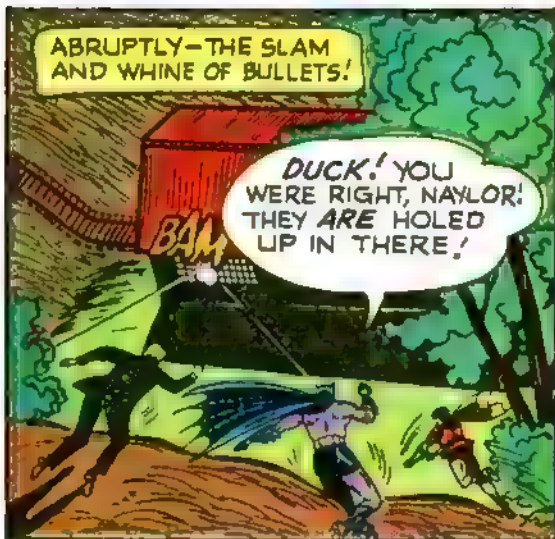
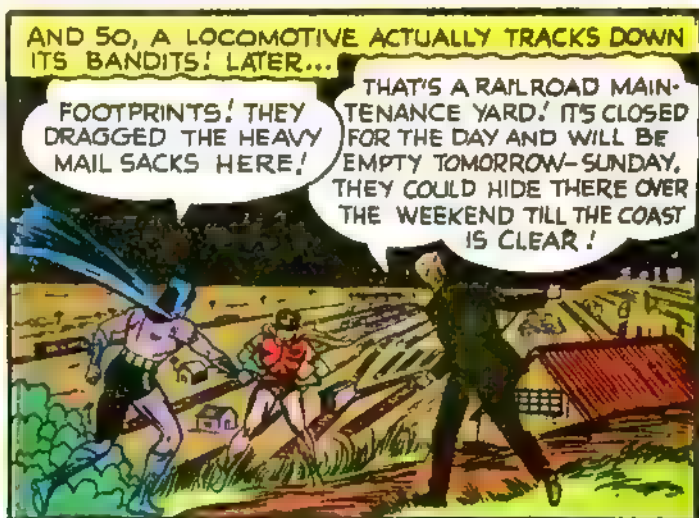
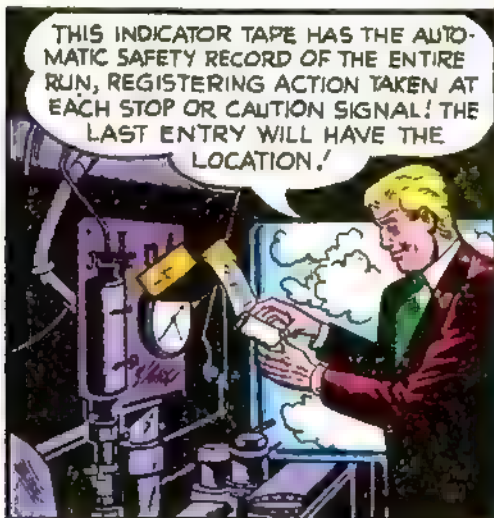
NAYLOR'S EXPERIENCED-HANDS BRAKE THE ENGINE TO A STOP...

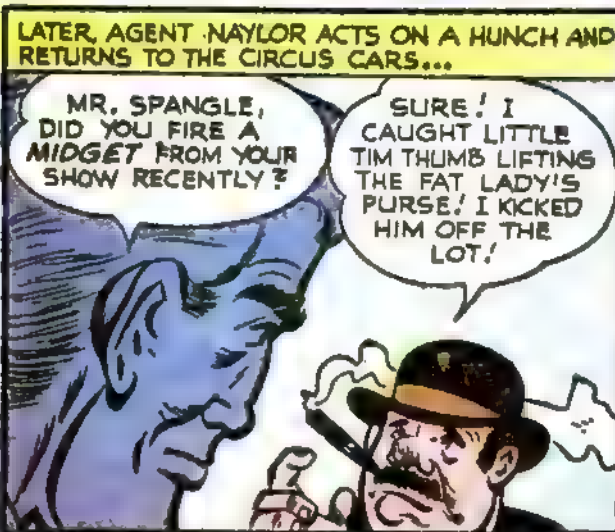
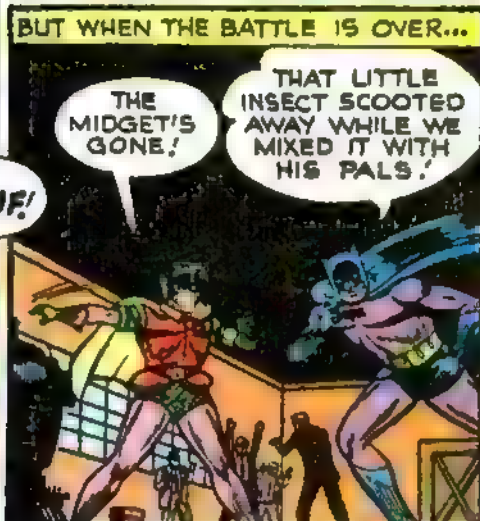
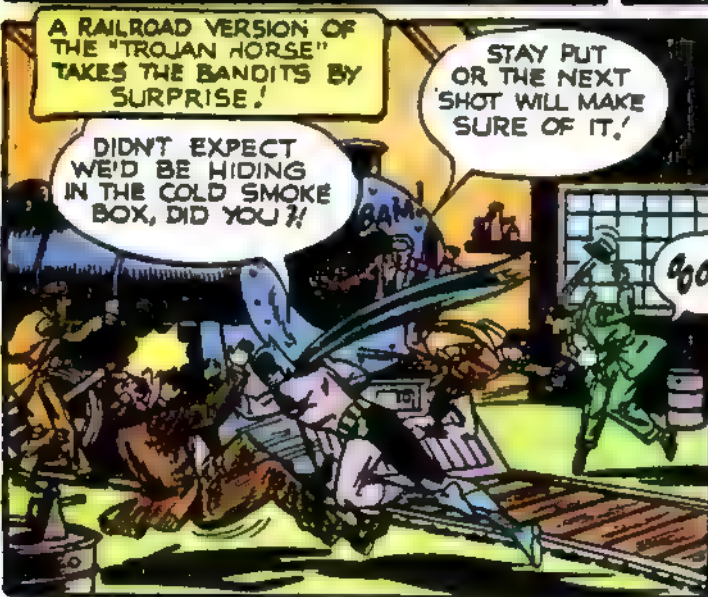
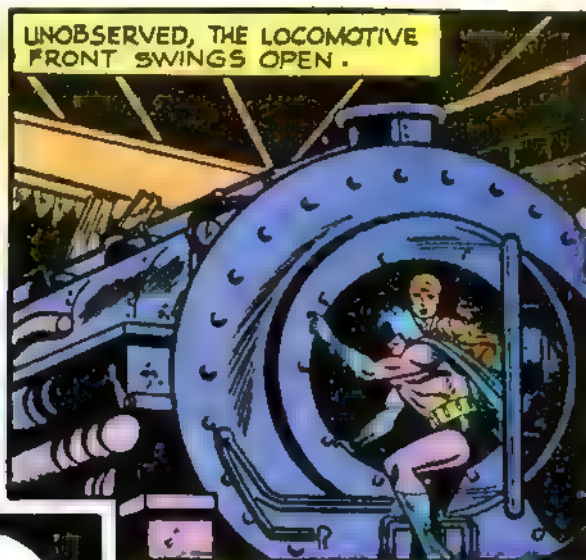
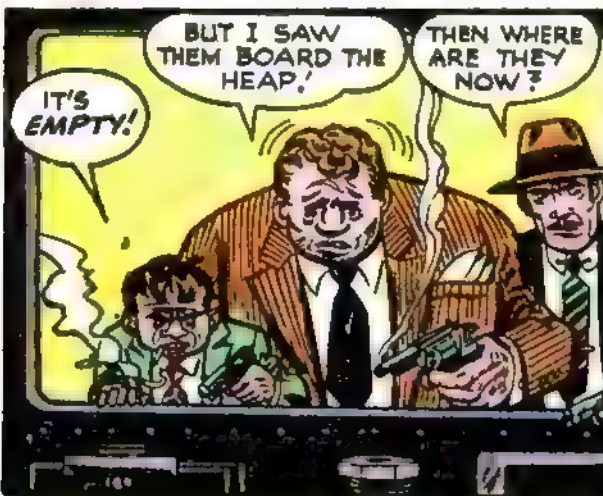
OBVIOUSLY, THEY STOPPED THE LOCOMOTIVE AT SOME SPOT, THEN FIXED THE THROTTLE TO KEEP THE TRAIN GOING SO WE WOULDN'T KNOW WHERE THEY GOT OFF WITH THE LOOT!

TOO BAD! OTHERWISE WE MIGHT'VE PICKED UP A LEAD!



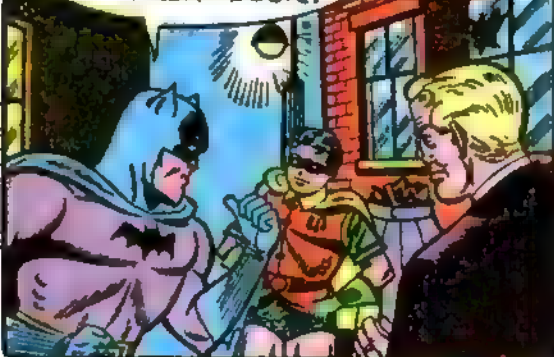
WE MAY...YET! THIS LOCOMOTIVE CAN TELL US WHERE THEY GOT OFF WHEN WE LOOK AT ITS VALVE-SPEED INDICATOR!





LATER, AT THE MOUTH OF AN ALLEY IN GOTHAM CITY'S TOUGHEST SECTION...

ONE PERSON IS QUIETER THAN THREE! I'LL SNEAK IN AND CHECK! IF HE'S HOME, I'LL WHISTLE! THAT'S YOUR SIGNAL TO RUSH THE FRONT DOOR!

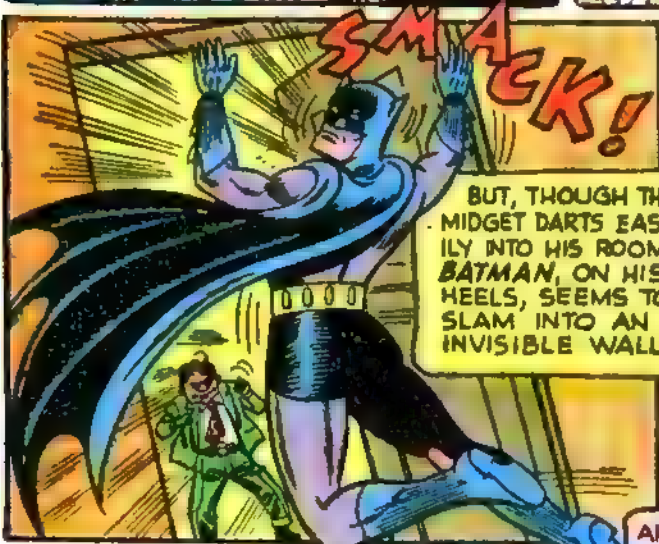


AS BATMAN ENTERS AND CLOSES THE FRONT DOOR BEHIND HIM, HE SUDDENLY SPRINGS FORWARD...

TIM THUMB... RUNNING TOWARD HIS ROOM! I WON'T EVEN GIVE HIM TIME TO CLOSE THAT DOOR!



YOU WERE TOO BUSY TO NOTICE MY TRICKY SHATTER-PROOF GLASS SETUP IN THE DOORWAY, BATMAN! IT'S HIGH ENOUGH FOR A MIDGET TO RUN UNDER, BUT A BIG GUY LIKE YOU SLAMS RIGHT INTO IT!



BUT, THOUGH THE MIDGET DARTS EASILY INTO HIS ROOM, BATMAN, ON HIS HEELS, SEEMS TO SLAM INTO AN INVISIBLE WALL!



SOON AFTER, BATMAN REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS...

THAT ALLEY MAKES THIS HOUSE A PERFECT ECHO CHAMBER! I HEARD EVERY WORD YOU SAID OUT THERE! NOW, SIGNAL YOUR PALS TO COME IN--GO AHEAD--WHISTLE!

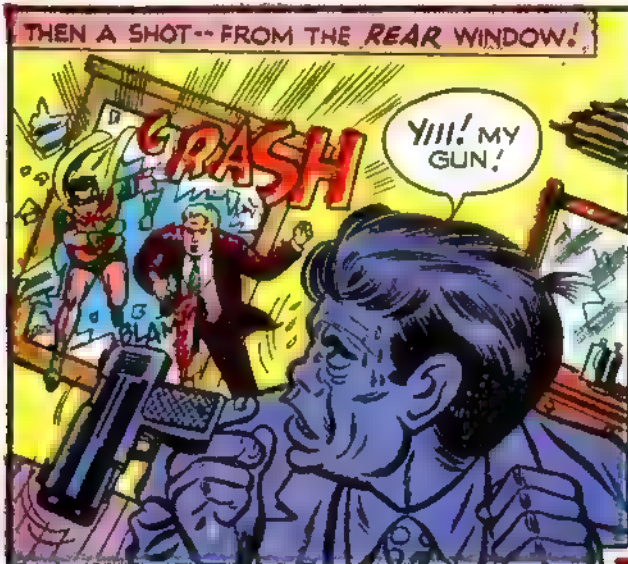


APPARENTLY COWED BY THE MURDEROUS MIDGET, BATMAN MEELY SUBMITS--AND WHISTLES!

THE FOOL! THOSE WHISTLES ARE SETTING UP TWO CLAY PIGEONS FOR ME! I'LL PICK OFF HIS PALS AS THEY RUSH THE FRONT DOOR!

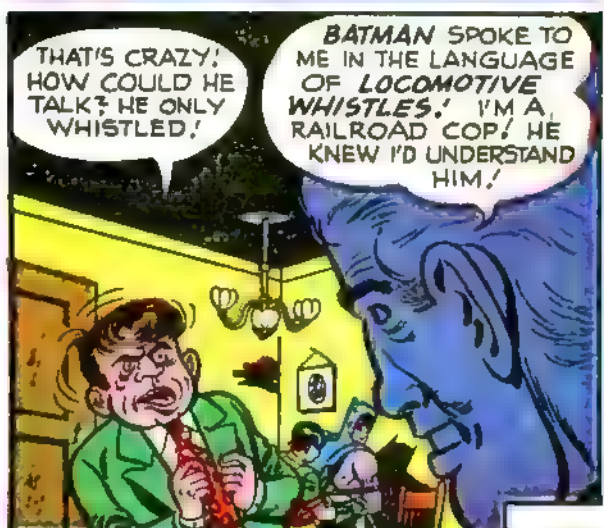
TWEET! TWE-E-ET! TWEET TWEET TWEET!





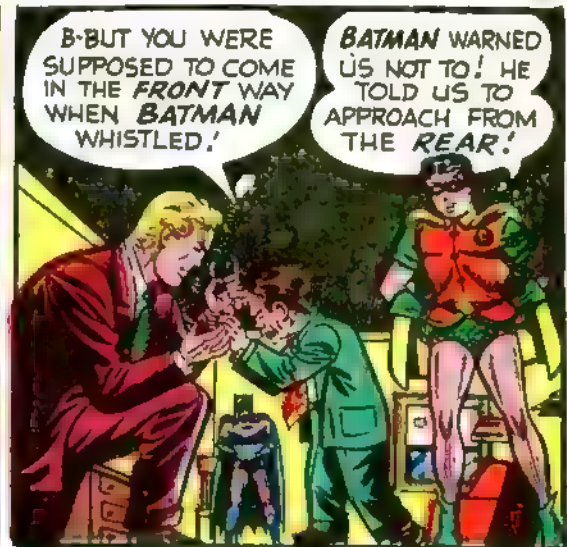
THEN A SHOT--FROM THE REAR WINDOW!

YIII! MY GUN!



THAT'S CRAZY! HOW COULD HE TALK? HE ONLY WHISTLED!

BATMAN SPOKE TO ME IN THE LANGUAGE OF LOCOMOTIVE WHISTLES! I'M A RAILROAD COP! HE KNEW I'D UNDERSTAND HIM!



B-BUT YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO COME IN THE FRONT WAY WHEN BATMAN WHISTLED!

BATMAN WARNED US NOT TO! HE TOLD US TO APPROACH FROM THE REAR!

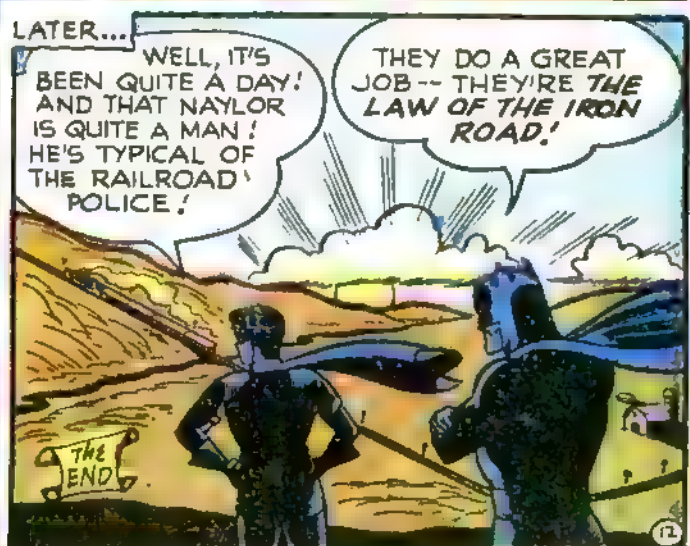


HIS FIRST WAS A SINGLE SHORT WHISTLE! IN RAILROAD SIGNALS, A SHORT TOOT MEANS "APPLY BRAKES! STOP!" THEN HE WHISTLED ONE MEDIUM AND THREE SHORT! THAT'S THE SIGNAL FOR, "FLAGMAN, PROTECT THE REAR OF THE TRAIN!"



BAH! RAILROAD TALK! I HOPE I NEVER SEE A RAILROAD AGAIN!

BUT YOU WILL, WHEN THEY RIDE YOU TO THE STATE PEN ON THE PRISON TRAIN! LET'S GO!



LATER...

WELL, IT'S BEEN QUITE A DAY! AND THAT NAYLOR IS QUITE A MAN! HE'S TYPICAL OF THE RAILROAD POLICE!

THEY DO A GREAT JOB-- THEY'RE THE LAW OF THE IRON ROAD!

THE END

TROUBLE at GHOST-TOWN!

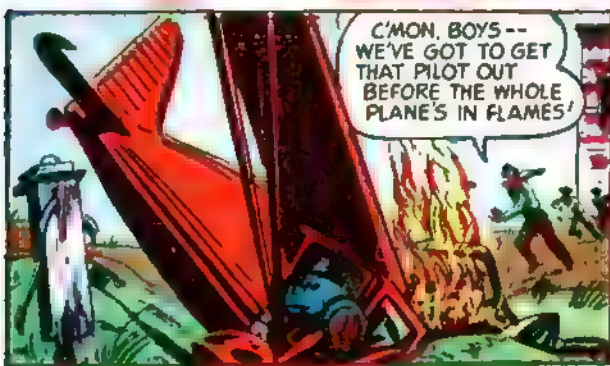
ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" ADVENTURE

ONE DAY OUT WEST, THE BOYS AND I WERE EXPLORING A MYSTERIOUS OLD GHOST-TOWN NEAR ROCK CITY, WHEN SUDDENLY--

JIM-- THAT PLANE! IT'S GOING TO CRASH!



C'MON, BOYS-- WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT PILOT OUT BEFORE THE WHOLE PLANE'S IN FLAMES!



MUST GET--SERUM-- TO HOSPITAL-- ROCK CITY-- DYING CHILD--

I'LL GET THAT SERUM TO THE HOSPITAL, JIM-- IF I HAVE TO RUN ALL THE WAY!



PHUEWW! NOT FAR TO GO NOW-- I'M SURE GLAD JIM TOLD ME ABOUT "P-F"'S!



WHAT JIM TOLD BOB ABOUT "P-F"'S:

HERE'S WHY "P-F" GIVES YOU MORE SPEED, MORE ENERGY AND REAL FOOT COMFORT:

1. THE ALL IMPORTANT "P-F" RIGID WEDGE KEEPS THE BONES OF THE FEET IN THEIR NATURAL, NORMAL POSITION-- HELPS PREVENT FOOT STRAIN.
- 2 SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION

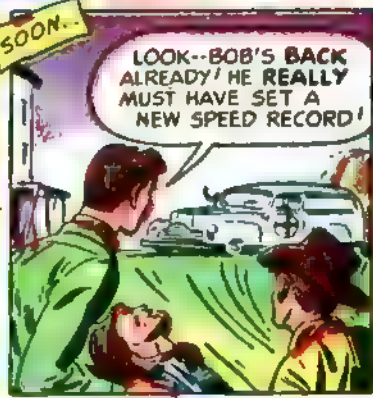


TRADE MARK

"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION

SOON--

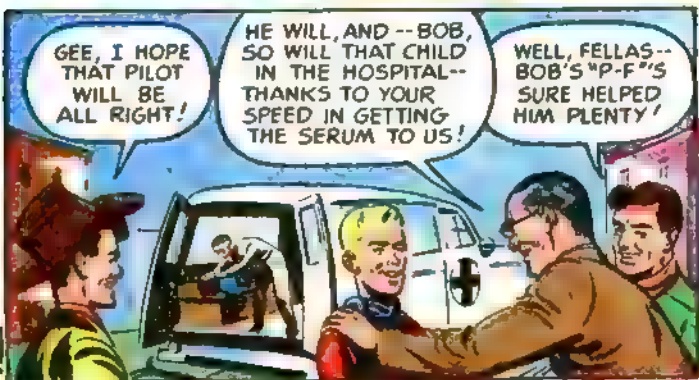
LOOK--BOB'S BACK ALREADY! HE REALLY MUST HAVE SET A NEW SPEED RECORD!



GEE, I HOPE THAT PILOT WILL BE ALL RIGHT!

HE WILL, AND --BOB, SO WILL THAT CHILD IN THE HOSPITAL-- THANKS TO YOUR SPEED IN GETTING THE SERUM TO US!

WELL, FELLAS-- BOB'S "P-F"'S SURE HELPED HIM PLENTY!

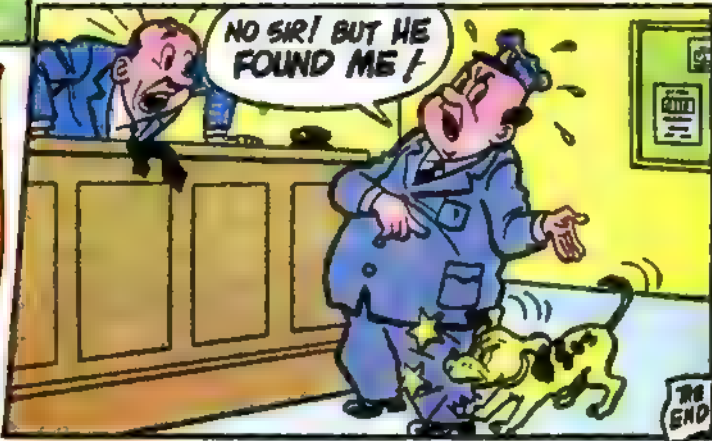
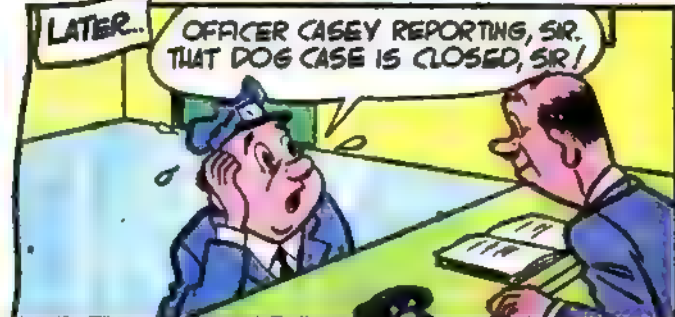
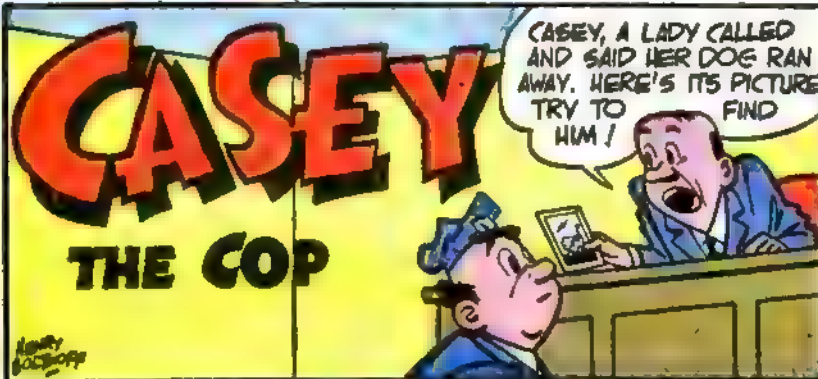


FOR EXTRA SPEED ENERGY AND COMFORT, INSIST ON "P-F" CANVAS SHOES. GET YOUR "P-F"'S TODAY!



"P-F" CANVAS SHOES
MADE ONLY BY
**B.F. Goodrich and
Hood Rubber Co.**





ADVERTISEMENT

OUR BUNCH ALL MUNCH

NESTLE'S
CRUNCH
MILK CHOCOLATE

WON'T YOU JOIN US, TOO?

NESTLE'S CRUNCH

Delicious-Different

Leaves, Confection Co.

IMPOSSIBLE- BUT TRUE

WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU DISCOVERED A CIVILIZATION OF INSECTS AS BIG AS MAN? SUPPOSE YOU WERE BEING PURSUED BY GIANT ANTS AND CATERpillars, WHO WERE INTENT UPON MAKING YOU THEIR SLAVES? IMPOSSIBLE, YOU SAY? WELL, MAYBE YOU'LL CHANGE YOUR MIND WHEN YOU JOIN ROY RAYMOND, WORLD-FAMOUS FACT-HUNTER, AND MASTER OF CEREMONIES OF THE "IMPOSSIBLE BUT TRUE" TELEVISION SHOW AND SEE FOR YOURSELF JUST SUCH A COLONY OF IMMENSE CREATURES! YES, THERE ARE SOME STRANGE SIGHTS IN STORE FOR YOU, AS YOU JOURNEY WITH ROY INTO...

"The VALLEY OF GIANT INSECTS"

ROY RAYMOND presents
"IMPOSSIBLE--
BUT TRUE"

ROY! I CAN'T BELIEVE MY OWN EYES, BUT THERE'S A PROFESSOR OGDEN STARR HERE, WHO HAS SOMETHING...ER...UNUSUAL FOR THE SHOW!



FROM EVERY CORNER OF THE EARTH, MEN WITH STRANGE TALES TO TELL COME TO AUDITION FOR ROY RAYMOND'S "IMPOSSIBLE-BUT TRUE" TELEVISION SHOW...

HERE WE GO AGAIN, KAREN! WE SHOULD GET A FEW GOOD ACTS OUT OF THIS CROWD!

THE FIRST ACT'S ALL READY TO AUDITION ROY!

I'VE SPENT 17 YEARS CONSTRUCTING THIS DOLL, MR. RAYMOND! IT HAS OVER 1000 MOVING PARTS AND CAN WRITE THE ENTIRE ALPHABET WITH PEN AND INK!

VERY INTERESTING, MR. SCHULTZ! PLEASE LEAVE YOUR NAME WITH MY SECRETARY! NEXT!

HERE IS THE WORLD'S OUTSTANDING EXAMPLE OF MINIATURE WRITING! MY MASTERPIECE... LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS WRITTEN ON A HUMAN HAIR!

EXCELLENT! WE'LL TRY IT! UNDER THE TELEVISION CAMERAS... IF IT PICKS UP OKAY, YOU'LL BE ON THE SHOW!

FOUR SCORE AND SEVEN

MEET FRIGO, MR. RAYMOND! HE CAN REMAIN FROZEN IN THIS CAKE OF ICE FOR OVER AN HOUR!

HMMM... NOT BAD, BUT WE'VE HAD SIMILAR ODDITIES ON THE PROGRAM BEFORE!

THIS IS PROFESSOR OGDEN STARR, ROY! HIS IMPOSSIBLE BUT TRUE FACT IS ON MOVIE FILM! CAN YOU COME INTO THE PROJECTION ROOM NOW?

YOU WON'T REGRET IT, MR. RAYMOND! EVEN YOU WILL BE ASTOUNDED BY WHAT I AM ABOUT TO SHOW YOU!

PRESENTLY, IN THE STUDIO'S PROJECTION ROOM.

THERE IT IS, RAYMOND! A VILLAGE, COMPLETE, IN EVERY DETAIL, INHABITED BY INSECTS AS LARGE AS MEN! IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE, BUT IT IS TRUE!

AND HERE IS WHAT MAKES MY DISCOVERY **REALLY IMPORTANT!** THESE MAMMOTH CATERpillARS TURN OUT MORE SILK IN A WEEK THAN ALL THE SILK WORMS IN THE WORLD CAN PRODUCE IN A YEAR! THINK WHAT THAT MEANS TO INDUSTRY!



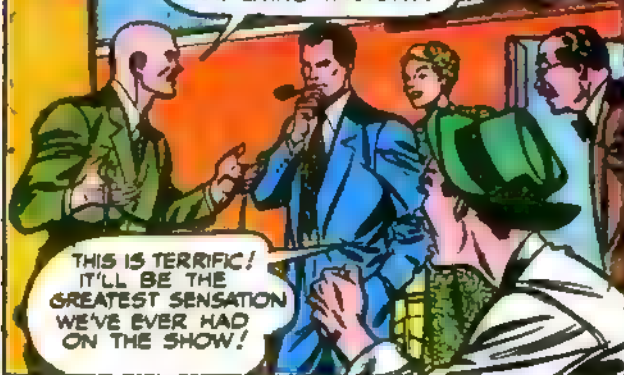
PEOPLE HAVE TRIED TO DUPE US BEFORE, BUT THIS TAKES THE CAKE! OBVIOUSLY A CLEVER JOB OF **TRICK PHOTOGRAPHY!**

WAIT A MINUTE, ROY! HE'S NOT FINISHED!



WHEN THE MOVIE ENDS AND THE LIGHTS GO ON...

I KNOW WHAT YOU'VE BEEN THINKING, RAYMOND... THAT I MERELY USED A **HIGHLY MAGNIFIED CAMERA LENS!** BUT WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY ABOUT THIS STRAND OF **PURE SILK**, AS THICK AS A ROPE! IT COMES FROM THAT LIVING FACTORY!



THIS IS TERRIFIC! IT'LL BE THE GREATEST SENSATION WE'VE EVER HAD ON THE SHOW!

HOW DID YOU DISCOVER THIS BUG CITY? TELL US MORE ABOUT IT, PROFESSOR!

EVERYONE'S SO EXCITED ABOUT THE PROFESSOR'S DISCOVERY! YOU CAN'T JUST **DROP HIM**, ROY! YOU'LL EITHER HAVE TO PUT HIM ON THE SHOW OR PROVE HE'S A FRAUD!

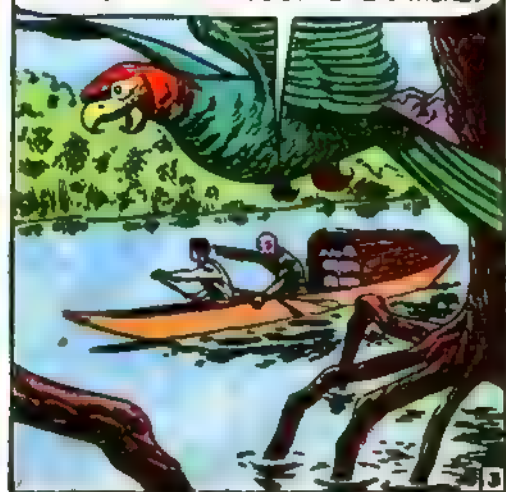


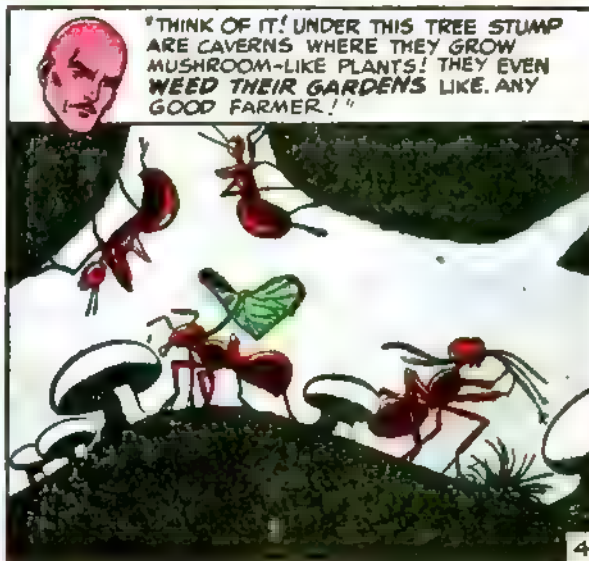
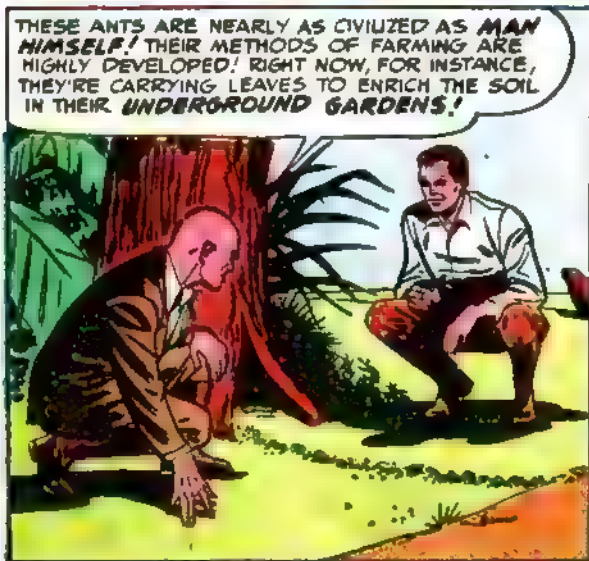
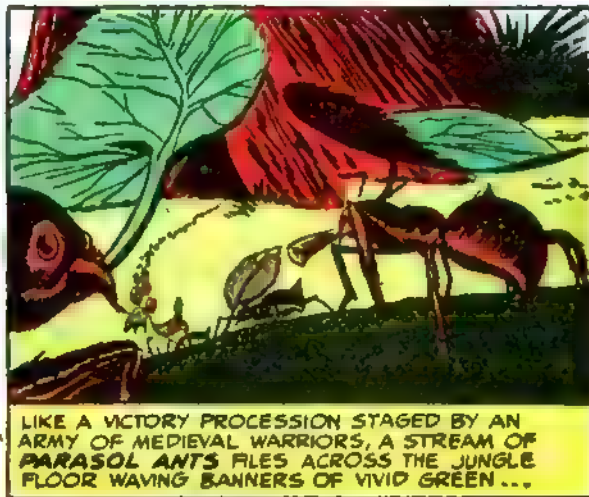
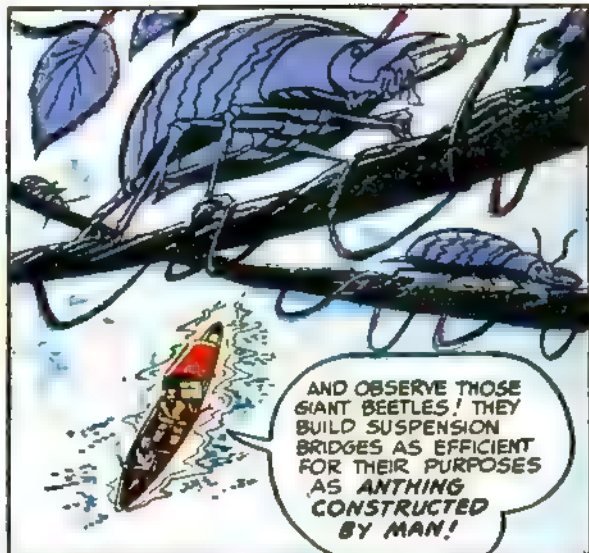
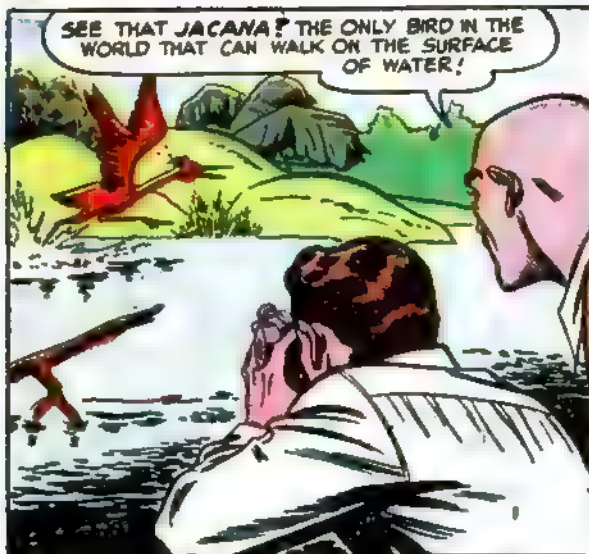
HMM... I GUESS KAREN'S RIGHT! TELL YOU WHAT I'LL DO, PROFESSOR STARR... IF I CAN SEE SOME **LIVE SAMPLES** OF THOSE GIANT INSECTS, I'LL DO THAT MOVIE ON MY SHOW! CAN YOU TAKE ME TO THEIR VILLAGE?

IT MEANS A TRIP THROUGH ALMOST IMPENETRABLE BRAZILIAN JUNGLE! BUT IF YOU RISK THE DANGER, I'LL GLADLY TAKE YOU THERE!

AND SO, AFTER A PLANE HAS TAKEN THEM TO THE LAST OUTPOST OF CIVILIZATION... ON THE EDGE OF THE VAST BRAZILIAN JUNGLE... THE DETERMINED FACT-HUNTER AND HIS STRANGE GUIDE HEAD BY CANOE INTO ONE OF THE FEW REMAINING UNEXPLORED REGIONS ON EARTH...

THIS JUNGLE IS FULL OF UNBELIEVABLE SIGHTS, RAYMOND! LOOK OVER THERE!





THAT NIGHT, AROUND
THE JUNGLE CAMPFIRE!

YOU'VE SEEN THE AMAZING
INTELLIGENCE WHICH TINY
INSECTS DISPLAY, RAYMOND!
CAN YOU IMAGINE WHAT CAN
BE ACCOMPLISHED BY THOSE
THE SIZE OF A MAN?

YOU'VE GOT A POINT,
STARR / BUT I STILL
WANT TO SEE THESE
GIANT INSECTS OF
YOURS!

HOURS LATER, AS WEIRD JUNGLE NOISES AWAKEN
THE DROWSY FACT-HUNTER...

STRANGE! I
FEEL AS IF SOMEONE
WERE WATCHING ME!

WELL, YOU WON'T HAVE LONG TO
WAIT, MY FRIEND! IT'S A SIGHT
THAT WILL HAUNT YOU FOR THE
REST OF YOUR LIFE! IF WE START
OUT EARLY TOMORROW, WE'LL
REACH THEIR VILLAGE BY NOON!
HERE... HAVE SOME COCONUT
MILK BEFORE YOU TURN IN!

THANKS..MAYBE
IT'LL HELP ME
SLEEP / I CAN
USE SOME
SHUT-EYE!

HOURS LATER, AS WEIRD JUNGLE NOISES AWAKEN
THE DROWSY FACT-HUNTER...

SUDDENLY HIS SEARCHING EYES ALIGHT UPON A
TERRIFYING SIGHT...

THAT INSECT...IT'S
AS BIG AS A PANTHER!
THIS IS FANTASTIC!

WAKE UP, PROFESSOR!
UNLESS I WAS DREAMING
I'VE JUST SEEN ONE OF
YOUR GIANTS! IT
DISAPPEARED INTO
THE BUSH AS SOON
AS I CAME TO
MY FEET!

WHAT? HE MUST HAVE
BEEN A SCOUT FROM
THE VILLAGE! HE'LL
ALERT THE OTHERS TO
OUR PRESENCE! I WARN
YOU, RAYMOND, WE'LL BE
RISKING OUR LIVES
IF WE GO ON!

THERE **MUST**
AN EXPLANATION
TO THIS, AND I'M
DETERMINED TO
FIND IT!

PROFESSOR, WE'VE COME TOO
FAR TO TURN BACK NOW!
WE'LL KEEP ON TILL WE
REACH THE VILLAGE OF
GIANT INSECTS!

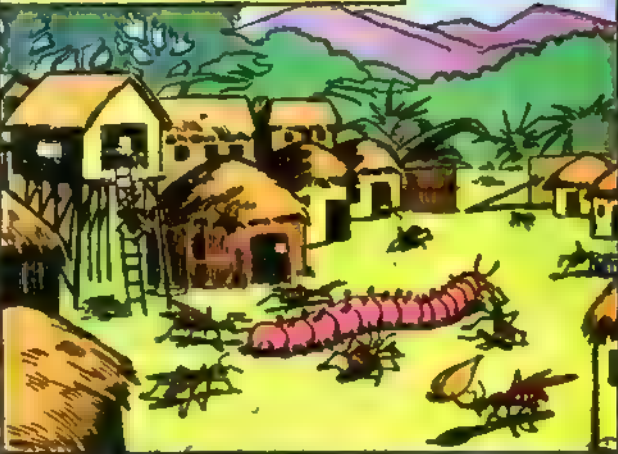
VERY WELL...BUT I
HOPE WE GET OUT OF
THIS JUNGLE SOON! THE
AIR HAS THE STILLNESS
THAT COMES BEFORE
A HURRICANE!

AS DAWN BREAKS, THE EXPLORERS PLOD ON-WARD FOR MILES AND AND MILES UNTIL ...

THERE IT IS, RAYMOND... JUST AS YOU SAW IT IN MY MOVIE! NOW PERHAPS, YOU'RE CONVINCED!

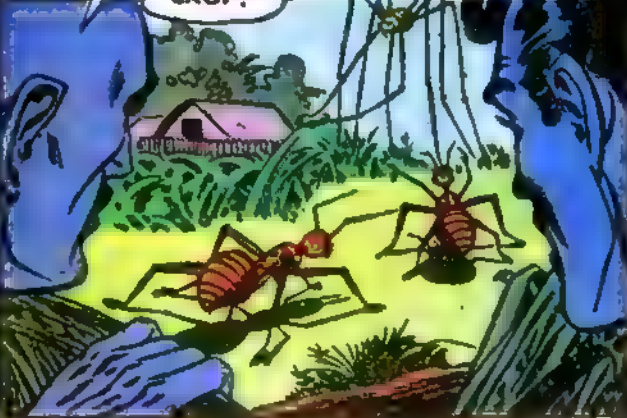


EVEN HIS YEARS AS THE WORLD'S FOREMOST HUNTER OF THE FANTASTIC HAVE NOT PREPARED ROY FOR THE SIGHT WHICH NOW GREETES HIM AS HE PEERS THROUGH THE BRILLIANT TROPIC FOLIAGE ...



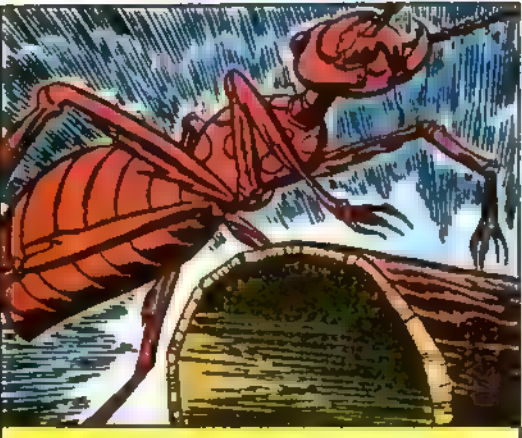
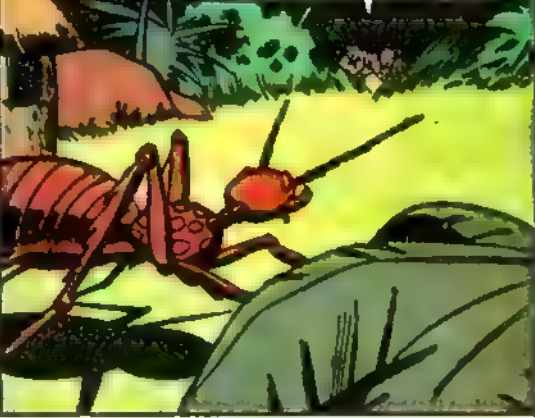
SEE THOSE HUGE ANTS, JUST OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE? THEY'RE GUARDING A GROUP OF SLAVES, WHO ARE HARVESTING A CROP!

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE... YET I'M SEEING IT WITH MY OWN EYES!



JUST THEN...

LOOK... THAT INSECT SENTRY! HE SENSES OUR PRESENCE! YOU CAN TELL BY THE WAY HE STIFFENS HIS ANTENNAE!



WITH THE PRECISION OF A RADAR WARNING NET THE ALERT GUARD SIGNALS THE APPROACH OF STRANGERS BY BEATING A TATOO ON A BARK DRUM...

AND AS THE SIGNAL RESOUNDS THROUGH-OUT THE VILLAGE...

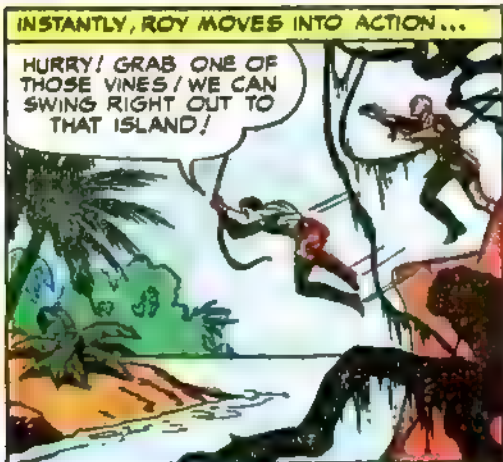
A MILITIA IS FORMING! WHY, THEY LOOK FEROCIOUS ENOUGH TO KILL US!



BUT THAT'S NOT THEIR PLAN, RAYMOND! THOSE SUPER INSECTS ARE DETERMINED TO MAKE US THEIR SLAVES!

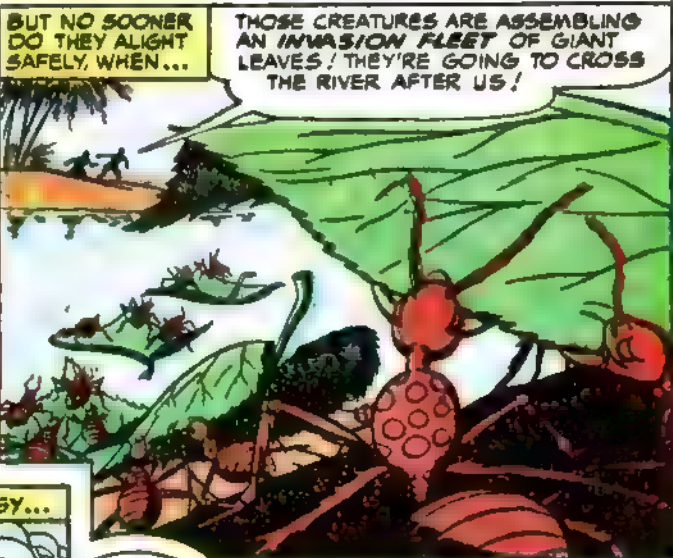
INSTANTLY, ROY MOVES INTO ACTION...

HURRY! GRAB ONE OF THOSE VINES / WE CAN SWING RIGHT OUT TO THAT ISLAND!



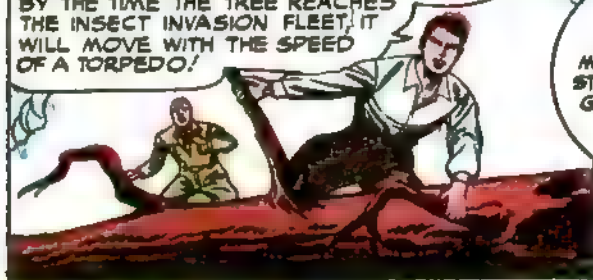
BUT NO SOONER DO THEY ALIGHT SAFELY, WHEN...

THOSE CREATURES ARE ASSEMBLING AN INVASION FLEET OF GIANT LEAVES! THEY'RE GOING TO CROSS THE RIVER AFTER US!

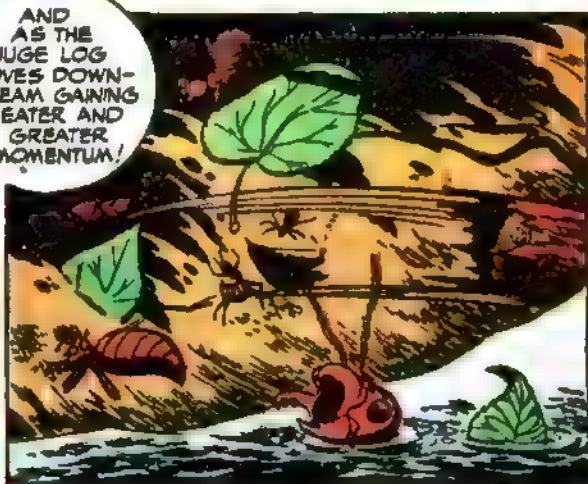


AGAIN, ROY'S ALERT MIND DEVISES A STRATEGY...

HELP ME PUSH THIS FALLEN TREE INTO THE RIVER! THE CURRENT'S SO SWIFT THAT BY THE TIME THE TREE REACHES THE INSECT INVASION FLEET, IT WILL MOVE WITH THE SPEED OF A TORPEDO!



AND AS THE HUGE LOG MOVES DOWN-STREAM GAINING GREATER AND GREATER MOMENTUM!



BUT SOON...

WE DIDN'T STOP THEM! NOW THEY'RE MOVING CAPTIVE CATERpillARS UP TO THOSE GIANT FERNS! THEY'RE GOING TO SWING ACROSS ON GIANT STRANDS OF SILK, HANGING FROM THE TOPS OF A HUNDRED FERNS!



BUT THEY WON'T MAKE IT! A HURRICANE'S ABOUT TO BREAK ANY MINUTE... IT'LL BLOW DOWN THEIR LINES BEFORE THEY CAN SWING ACROSS! I'LL PATROL THE BANK IN CASE ONE OR TWO DO MANAGE THE CROSSING!

NO, RAYMOND! STAY HERE! YOU MUSTN'T GET CLOSE TO THOSE CREATURES!



PIERCER AND PIERCE GROWS THE WIND'S INTENSITY, THEN...

THE HURRICANE'S BEGUN!
IT'S BLOWING **DUST** IN
MY EYES... I CAN HARDLY
SEE!

THAT'S FUNNY... MY EYES
DON'T FEEL A THING! WAIT
A MINUTE... COULD THAT
BE THE ANSWER?



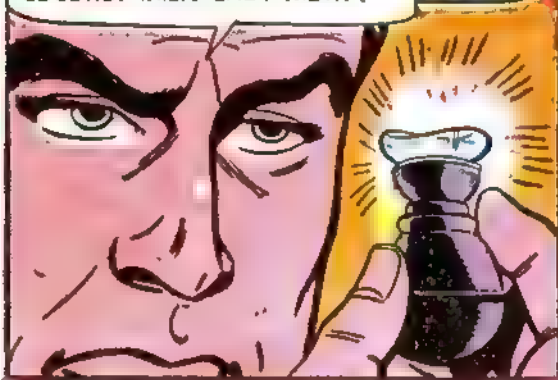
I MAY BE WRONG, PROFESSOR, BUT I
MUST SEE WHAT YOU'RE CARRYING IN
THAT POCKET! AH, JUST AS I THOUGHT...
A **SUCTION CUP!**

WAIT A
MINUTE!
WHAT'S
THE IDEA?



PLACING THE SUCTION CUP AGAINST HIS EYE
BALLS, THE **EXPLORER OF THE UNCANNY**
AT LAST LEARNS THE ANSWER...

SO THIS
IS WHY THOSE INSECTS SEEMED MAN-SIZED
TO ME! YOU PLACED **CONTACT LENSES** IN
MY EYES AFTER DRUGGING ME WITH THAT
COCONUT MILK LAST NIGHT!



NO WONDER YOU
DIDN'T WANT ME
TO GET CLOSE
TO THE INSECTS!
THESE LENSES
MAGNIFY ONLY
DISTANT OB-
JECTS! THAT'S
WHY EVERYTHING
NEARBY LOOKED
NORMAL!

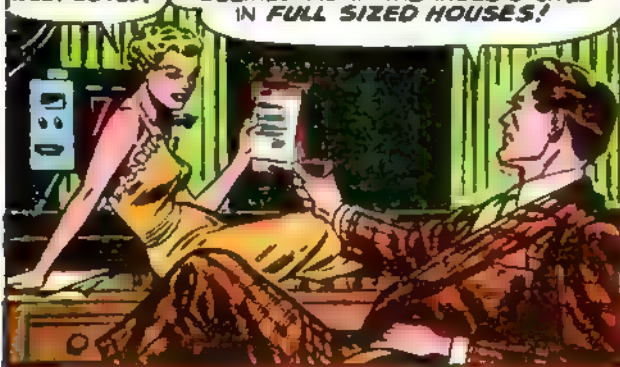
YES, RAYMOND... AND IT NEARLY
WORKED! IF YOU'D ANNOUNCED
THAT YOU'D ACTUALLY WITNESSED
THE SCENES I MADE WITH
TRICK PHOTOGRAPHY,
THOUSANDS WOULD HAVE
INVESTED IN AN EXPEDITION
TO BRING BACK "GIANT SILK
WORMS!" I'D HAVE BEEN
RICH!



DAYS LATER, BACK IN THE TELEVISION STUDIOS...

SO THE GIANT
INSECTS WERE
A **HOAX**,
ROY, JUST
AS YOU
SUSPECTED!

THAT'S RIGHT, KAREN! STARR EVEN
PLACED **TINY MODEL HUTS** NEAR
AN ANT HILL, DURING HIS FIRST TRIP
WHEN HE MADE THE MOVIE! WITH
THOSE LENSES I WAS WEARING, IT
SEEMED AS IF THE INSECTS LIVED
IN **FULL SIZED HOUSES!**



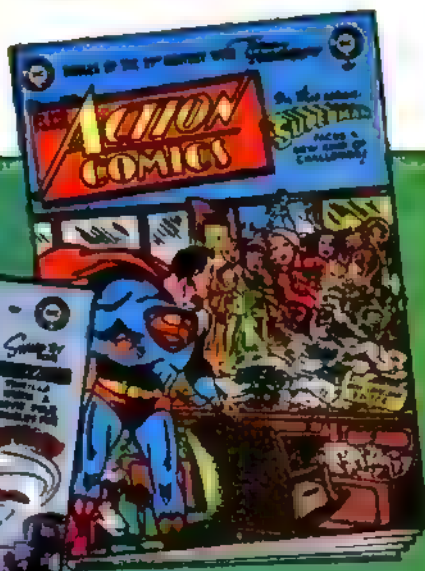
THE SAME GOES FOR THE SURROUNDING
PLANTS... THEY, TOO, WERE NORMAL SIZE,
BUT IN MY EYES THEY LOOKED LIKE **GIANT**
FERNS! SO YOU SEE, IF IT WEREN'T FOR
THAT HURRICANE, I MIGHT HAVE BEEN
THE FALL GUY IN
ONE OF THE MOST
IMPOSSIBLE
BUT TRUE
SWINDLES!





YOU DON'T HAVE TO WAIT 2 MONTHS FOR THESE GREAT MAGAZINES!

YOU KNOW, MOST COMICS MAGAZINES
ARE PUBLISHED ONLY EVERY OTHER MONTH,
BUT *THESE* BEST-SELLERS COME OUT
EVERY MONTH - BECAUSE YOU WANT
TO READ THEM *TWELVE* TIMES A
YEAR INSTEAD
OF *SIX*!



But
THE BIG THING
TO REMEMBER IS TO

GET YOUR COPIES EARLY!
(THAT WAY, YOU WON'T MISS A SINGLE ISSUE!)



Chip

ISN'T YOUR BIG SISTER FINISHED DRESSING YET?

YUP, SHE'S FINISHED!

WELL, THEN, ISN'T SHE DONE WITH HER MAKE-UP?

YUP... SHE'S FINISHED WITH THAT, TOO!

• THEN WHY DOESN'T SHE COME DOWNSTAIRS?

OH, SHE ISN'T FINISHED YET --

-- KEEPING YOU WAITING!

The END.

ADVERTISEMENT

Kids! GET THESE GREAT PRIZES for Bazooka wrappers!



Lucky Baseball Ring!

Hit-a-Homer Baseball Ring. Gold-plated. Size adjustable. You get an official Big League baseball schedule with each ring!

Send 5 Bazooka 1¢ wrappers and 15¢.

Prize #132



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Exactly like those worn by soldiers and airmen in training for combat. Swell for fast bike riding. Protect your eyes from wind and dust!

Send 5 Bazooka 1¢ wrappers and 10¢.

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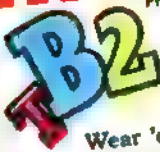


Perfumed Necklace for your Best Girl!

Fine, filigree pendant. Gold-plated chain with clasp. Your girl refills it with her own perfume. A handsome gift!

Send 5 Bazooka 1¢ wrappers and 25¢.

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Felt Sweater Letters!

Wear 'em on your athletic duds. Mention any letter or number in the color you want. Outfit your whole team!

Send 5 Bazooka 1¢ wrappers and 10¢.

Send Bazooka wrappers, money, prize number, name and address to

Bazooka
Box 14, Brooklyn 32, N. Y.

2 BIG CHEWS 1¢

Comics Prizes



BAZOOKA...the Atom Bubble Gum

Big Bubbles too!

ROBOTMAN

AMONG THE MEMBERS OF HIS CLUB OF METAL MEN, PRESIDENT ROBOTMAN SOON LEARNS THAT A GREEDY, CUNNING CROOK IS ON THE LOOSE! IN HIS UNEXPLAINABLE QUEST FOR BITS OF STEEL, THIS ROBBER LITERALLY TAKES THE METAL MARVEL APART, PIECE BY PIECE! SO IT'S STEEL VERSUS STEEL--WITH THE ODDS MOUNTING AGAINST THE METAL CRIME-BUSTER--AS HE BECOMES...

THE DISJOINTED ROBOTMAN

ONE NIGHT AS PAUL DENNIS HURRIES TO MAKE AN APPOINTMENT...

GOSH...I HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE FOR THE MEETING! THE POLICE REALLY KEPT ME BUSY TODAY!

REACHING A DARK, DESERTED CORNER DENNIS REMOVES HIS PLASTIC HUMAN DISGUISE TO BECOME ROBOTMAN, THE METAL MARVEL WITH THE HUMAN BRAIN...

I'D ATTEND THE MEETING OF THE CLUB OF METAL MEN AS PAUL DENNIS IF I DIDN'T HAVE TO HIDE MY *REAL* IDENTITY FROM THE WORLD!

MEANWHILE, AT THE CLUB OF METAL MEN...

GENTLEMEN, IT LOOKS AS IF ROBOTMAN, OUR PRESIDENT, HAS BEEN DELAYED! IN HIS ABSENCE, OUR CHAIRMAN WILL BE GLADIO, SWORD-SWALLOWER SUPREME-- THE MAN WHO ORGANIZED THIS CLUB!

THANK YOU, MR. STELLAR... BUT YOU DESERVE MOST OF THE CREDIT!

WITHOUT THE METAL CONTRIBUTED BY YOUR STELLAR STEEL CORPORATION, I'D NEVER BE ABLE TO AFFORD THIS SHARP SWORD, WHICH HAS WON ME FAME!

YOU WERE ALSO RESPONSIBLE FOR MR. ATMAR'S METAL HANDS WHICH PROTECT HIS REAL HANDS WHEN HE WORKS WITH DANGEROUS ATOMIC RADIATIONS!

AND MR. FISHER WOULD NEVER HAVE BECOME A FAMOUS EXPLORER IF YOU HADN'T GIVEN HIM THOSE STEEL STILTS!

YES, I'M NOW ABLE TO WALK THROUGH ALLIGATOR-INFESTED SWAMPS WITHOUT ANY FEARS OF THOSE CREATURES!

SUDDENLY...

HEY! WHO TURNED OFF THE LIGHTS?

HELP! SOMEBODY STOLE MY METAL ARM!

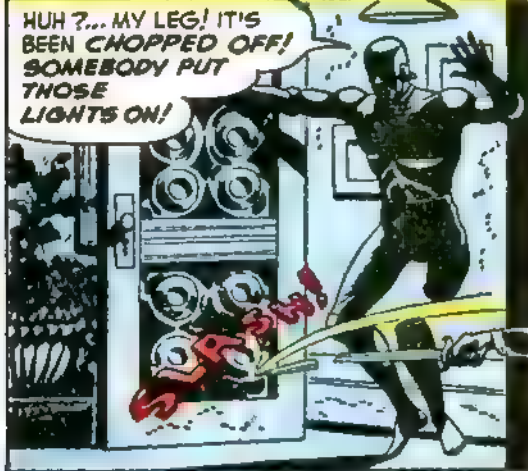
JUST THEN, ROBOTMAN ARRIVES...

LET GO MY SWORD!

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? NO LIGHTS... THE CLUB SOUNDS LIKE A MADHOUSE! I MUST PUT A STOP TO THIS!

BUT AS HE ENTERS THE MEETING ROOM...

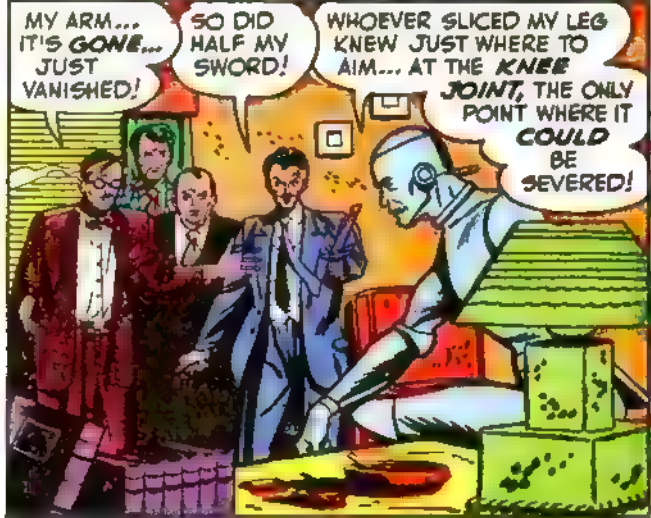
HUH?... MY LEG! IT'S BEEN CHOPPED OFF! SOMEBODY PUT THOSE LIGHTS ON!



MY ARM... IT'S GONE... JUST VANISHED!

SO DID HALF MY SWORD!

WHOEVER SLICED MY LEG KNEW JUST WHERE TO AIM... AT THE KNEE JOINT, THE ONLY POINT WHERE IT COULD BE SEVERED!



BUT WHO WOULD DO SUCH A THING, ROBOTMAN? WHAT DID HE EXPECT TO GAIN FROM IT?

THERE'S NO SENSE TO IT... HE MUST HAVE BEEN A MADMAN!

NO, I DON'T THINK SO...



THIS WAS TOO CLEVERLY PLANNED TO BE THE WORK OF A MADMAN! NOTICE HOW FAST HE WORKED... AND HOW HE MADE A CLEAN GETAWAY!



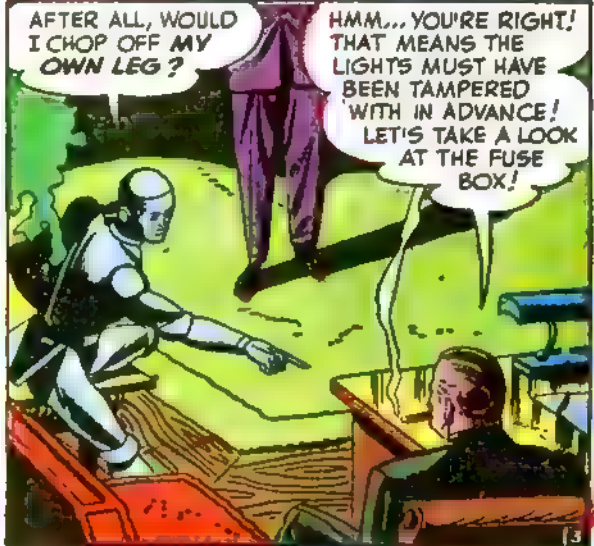
ER... YOU KNOW, ROBOTMAN... WE WERE ALL PRESENT WHEN THE LIGHTS WENT OUT... ALL EXCEPT YOU, THAT IS...

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING... THAT I'M THE ONLY ONE WITHOUT AN ALIBI! BUT I DON'T NEED ONE...



AFTER ALL, WOULD I CHOP OFF MY OWN LEG?

HMM... YOU'RE RIGHT! THAT MEANS THE LIGHTS MUST HAVE BEEN TAMPERED WITH IN ADVANCE! LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THE FUSE BOX!



PRESENTLY, AT THE BASEMENT FUSE BOX...

WHY, THIS OLD, DEFECTIVE FUSE WAS LYING NEXT TO THE BOX!

EXACTLY! BEFORE THE MEETING STARTED, OUR THIEF PLACED THE BAD FUSE IN THE BOX, KNOWING IT WOULD SOON CAUSE A BLOWOUT! AS SOON AS HE DID HIS DIRTY WORK, HE CAME BACK AND INSERTED THIS NEW FUSE!

WHERE ARE YOU GOING NOW?

BACK TO THE CLUB ROOM! THIS PROVES THAT **ANYONE** OF OUR MEMBERS COULD BE THE CROOK!

BEFORE I REPLACE MY LEG, I'LL QUESTION THE OTHERS... WHAT'S THAT SOUND?

CREAK!

BUT BEFORE THE STEEL CRIME-BUSTER CAN TURN AROUND...

HA, HA! HERE'S WHERE YOU LOSE ANOTHER LIMB, ROBOTMAN!

A **BLOWTORCH**! HE'S MELTING MY ELBOW WITH IT... WITH ONE LEG, I CAN'T TURN FAST ENOUGH!

INSTANTLY, ROBOTMAN SWINGS HIS OTHER ARM BACKWARDS, AND...

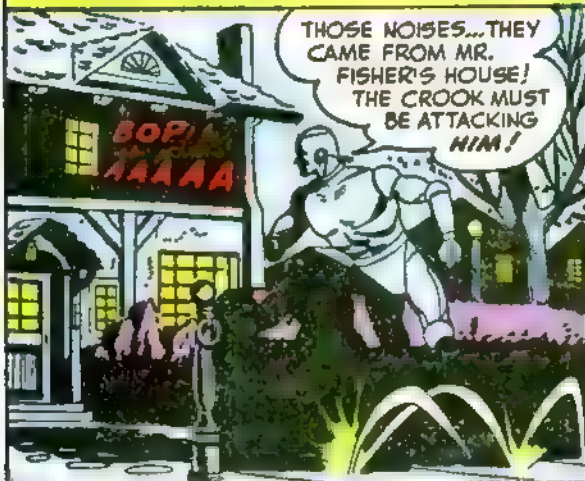
MAYBE I CAN'T SEE YOU... BUT I CAN STILL JUDGE WHERE YOU ARE!

OUCH!... MY ARM! BUT IT'S TOO LATE, ROBOTMAN... MY TORCH DID ITS DAMAGE! HA, HA!

AND AS THE METAL MARVEL HOBBOLES AFTER HIS ASSAILANT...

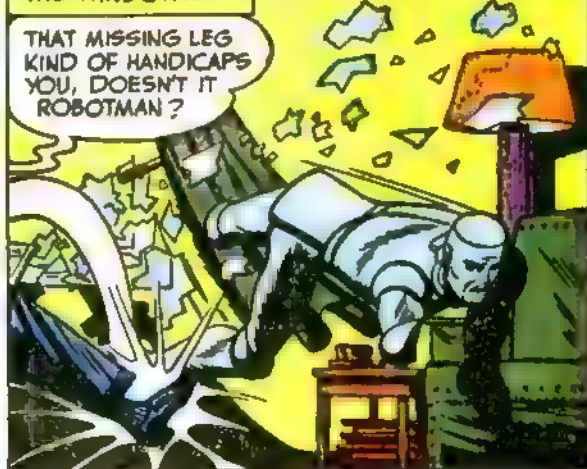
HE ESCAPED THROUGH THIS WINDOW... AND I DIDN'T EVEN GET A LOOK AT HIS FACE! I MIGHT AS WELL GO HOME AND REPAIR MYSELF **BEFORE** I CONTINUE THIS CHASE!

BUT MINUTES LATER, AS ROBOTMAN PASSES THE HOME OF ANOTHER CLUB MEMBER...



THOSE NOISES...THEY CAME FROM MR. FISHER'S HOUSE! THE CROOK MUST BE ATTACKING HIM!

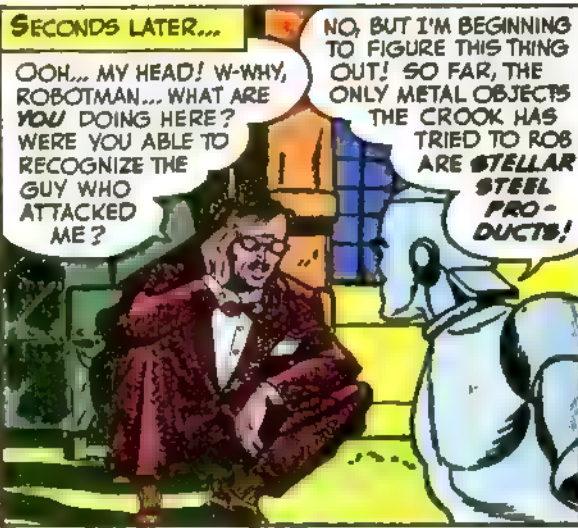
A TREMENDOUS HOP TAKES THE MAN OF METAL HIGH INTO THE AIR... BUT AS HE SAILS THROUGH THE WINDOW...



THAT MISSING LEG KIND OF HANDICAPS YOU, DOESN'T IT ROBOTMAN?



HAPPY LANDINGS! YOU DESERVE IT FOR BUTTING IN AND PREVENTING ME FROM GETTING FISHER'S STILTS!



SECONDS LATER...

OOH... MY HEAD! W-WHY, ROBOTMAN... WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? WERE YOU ABLE TO RECOGNIZE THE GUY WHO ATTACKED ME?

NO, BUT I'M BEGINNING TO FIGURE THIS THING OUT! SO FAR, THE ONLY METAL OBJECTS THE CROOK HAS TRIED TO ROB ARE STELLAR STEEL PRO-DUCTS!

THERE MUST BE SOMETHING SPECIAL ABOUT THAT STEEL... BUT THE ONLY WAY TO TELL IS WITH AN X-RAY MACHINE! I THINK I'LL CHECK WITH EVERY X-RAY COMPANY IN THE CITY... AND FIND OUT IF A MEMBER OF OUR CLUB HAS BOUGHT ONE RECENTLY!



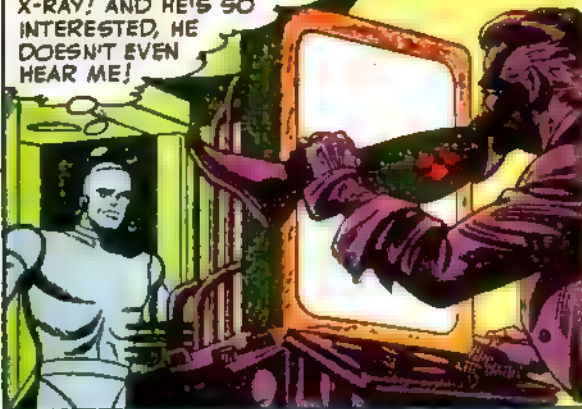
SOON, AT ANOTHER MEMBER'S HOME...



ACCORDING TO ACME X-RAY COMPANY, I SHOULD FIND ONE OF THEIR FLUOROSCOPES IN THIS HOUSE! HERE'S WHERE I LEARN IF MY INVESTIGATING PAID OFF!

AS ROBOTMAN ENTERS THE LIVING ROOM...

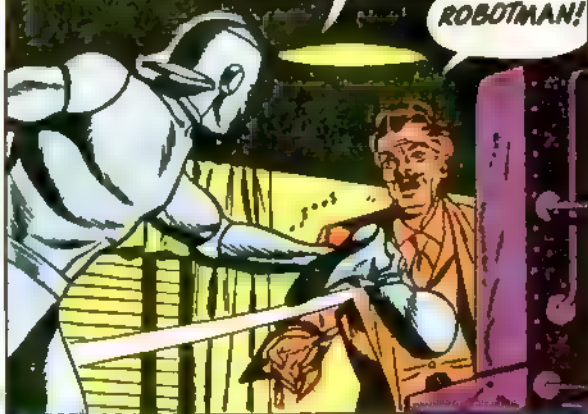
I WAS RIGHT! HE'S EXAMINING MY LEG UNDER THE X-RAY! AND HE'S SO INTERESTED, HE DOESN'T EVEN HEAR ME!



ABRUPTLY...

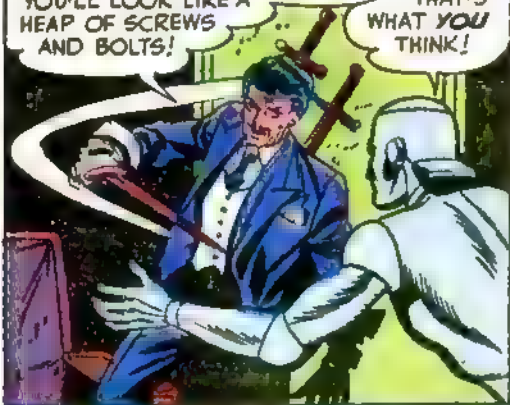
I'LL TAKE MY LEG, GLADIO... AND ALL THE OTHER THINGS YOU'VE STOLEN!

ROBOTMAN!



ALL RIGHT... SO YOU'VE CAUGHT ME! BUT YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME TO THE POLICE! I'LL SLICE THROUGH EVERY JOINT IN YOUR BODY... BEFORE I'M THROUGH, YOU'LL LOOK LIKE A HEAP OF SCREWS AND BOLTS!

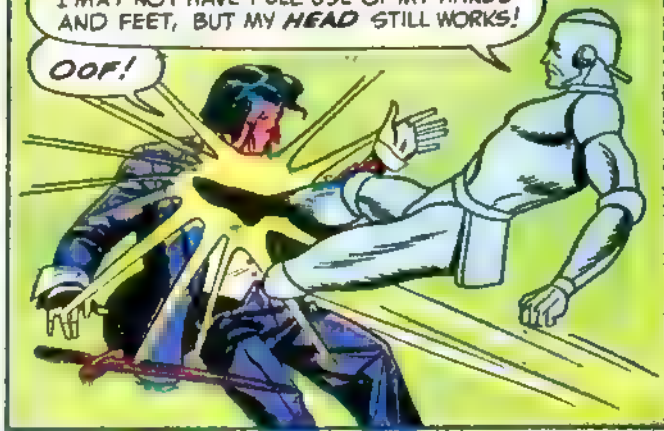
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!



AND WITH ONE TREMENDOUS LEAP, ROBOTMAN PUTS THE CUNNING SWORD SWALLOWER TO SLEEP...

I MAY NOT HAVE FULL USE OF MY HANDS AND FEET, BUT MY HEAD STILL WORKS!

OOF!



LATER, WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVE, THE MAN OF METAL EXPLAINS...

YOU SEE... UNDER SPECIAL CONDITIONS, WHEN STEEL IS MADE AT EXTRA-HIGH HEAT AND PRESSURE, THE CARBON IN IT WILL FORM DIAMONDS!

THAT'S RIGHT! WHATEVER PRODUCTS I PRODUCED FOR CLUB MEMBERS WERE OF SPECIAL QUALITY! BUT I NEVER EXPECTED GLADIO... OR ANYONE ELSE... TO FIND THAT OUT!

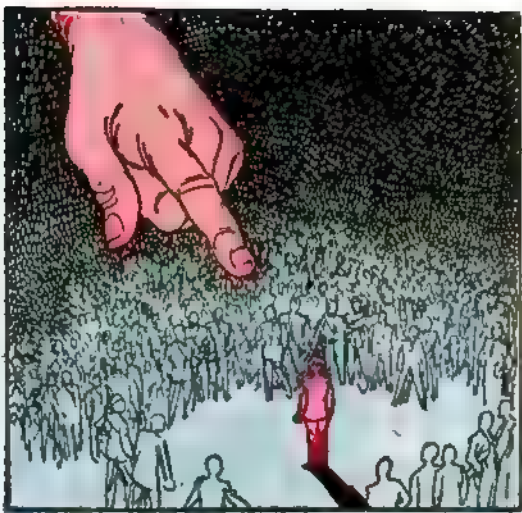


IT WAS PURE ACCIDENT! WHEN GLADIO WAS RECENTLY FLUOROSCOPED AT HIS DOCTOR'S OFFICE, HE HAPPENED TO BE HOLDING THIS SWORD! THAT'S WHEN IT ALL CAME OUT!

AND UNFORTUNATELY, GLADIO WAS ALSO A CROOK! WELL, WITH HIM IN JAIL, THE CLUB OF METAL MEN IS SAFE, ONCE AGAIN!



The End



WHY YOU ARE YOU

WHY do some men make good leaders while others fail? Is it true that some are "natural-born" leaders? What IS leadership?

Navy scientists have been asking themselves questions like these—and are going out to find the answers.

A group of "personality probers" working under the Office of Naval Research is engaged in one of the most unusual projects ever sponsored by the Navy. They are conducting an exhaustive investigation into the reasons why you think and act the way you do. Some of the facts uncovered are startling.

For example, scientists find that many mistakes are made by persons in positions requiring good judgment of leadership in others. Executives, teachers and others often pick "poor" leaders and pass up those with "good" leadership ability, according to standards of psychology.

It has been found that when two identical groups performing the same type of work show a marked difference in production, the reason is that the leader of the low-producing group spends a large per cent of his time giving detailed instructions to his subordinates on how the work is to be done, and prods them to produce more.

The leader of the high-producing group spends most of his time watching out for the welfare of his men and gives instructions on *what* is to be done, but leaves most decisions as to *how* it will be accomplished to subordinates. He does not badger his men to increase production.

Another significant factor noted is that the leader of a low-producing group is usually worried about his position in the organization and how he is regarded by senior officials. The average leader of a high-producing group is confident of his position and is certain his superiors have a high opinion of him.

Probably the most significant development of scientists probing into this field are the "leadership ability" tests devised. These tests are designed to "add up" a man's leadership factors and provide an evaluation of his leadership ability, free of any emotional factors or "opinion influence." Properly applied, these tests may eventually become as reliable in accomplishing their purpose as is an adding machine in summing up a column of figures.

Some of these tests are already in use. Currently, the Navy is testing prospective aviators prior to approving them for flight training. If tests indicate an applicant lacks certain qualifications that would prevent him from becoming a good officer and pilot, he is weeded out before beginning training.

Several unusual series of tests are used in detecting leadership ability—or its absence. In one of these tests a group of men—unacquainted with each other before the test begins—gets together in groups of two or four in a large workroom. One wall of this room has a one-way mirror-window through which scientists on the outside can see in, but those inside the room cannot see out. Highly sensitive microphones pick up even low whispers, and recording machines record all conversations for later study.

Each group in the room goes to work at a particular job. One lays out a basketball court. Another performs a reasoning problem. A third does clerical work. Other groups discuss current problems and assemble and set up a backboard for darts. A sixth group works at an example of cooperation.

The "cooperation" is an unusual game. It is played with a large board approximately four-foot square. In the center of the board is a pyramid with a spiral, grooved track running around its outside like a winding stairs. The trick is to tilt the table so that a ball travels in the groove to the top. Four men—one at each corner—manipulate the table.

As they work, each man makes suggestions as to the best way of working the ball upward. Each suggestion made is graded by the watching scientists as a "key suggestion" or as a "minor suggestion." The group leader is the man whose ideas do most to complete the job.

By analyzing the results of these tests, scientists can determine both the degree of leadership ability each man tested possesses and whether his leadership talents are in the "intellectual" or "mechanical" fields. It has been found that a leader in intellectual jobs is likely to be a leader also in clerical and other jobs where "mind work" predominates. However, the "intellectual leader" is not so likely to be the leader in accomplishing mechanical tasks.

In an effort to find out how much "leadership ability" of men can be improved through instruction in leadership psychology, an experiment was conducted at the U. S. Naval Academy, involving two classes of midshipmen.

Prior to the beginning of a regular semester both classes of men were given a series of tests designed to measure their leadership ability. One class was then given a course in leadership psychology, the other was not. At the end of the semester, both classes of men were again tested for leadership ability. The class not subjected to the leadership course showed, on the average, only slight changes in their leadership rating. The class given the course showed, on the average, a marked increase in leadership talents.

The investigations conducted and results obtained so far barely scratch the surface of the multitude of problems in this field in which the Office of Naval Research is probing. Some of the problems being tackled include:

Whether groups, committees, conference, etc., operate in an efficient manner—that is, does the combined intelligence of the members of a group produce the results it should? By studying the size of various groups, the problems faced, and what is accomplished, Navy scientists hope to figure out how groups may operate more efficiently.

To try finding a method or devising a better technique for communicating ideas, policies, and values.

How is the growth and development of an individual affected by his early home life, culture and the level of society in which he lives during his intellectual development? By probing into the background of thousands of men who have attained different levels of success and development, scientists will be able to see if any general pattern exists that governs a man's goals and values in life, his levels of aspiration, and how they contribute towards his efficiency.

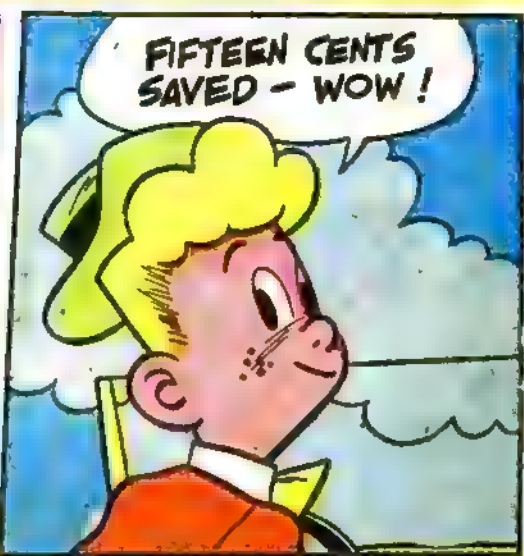
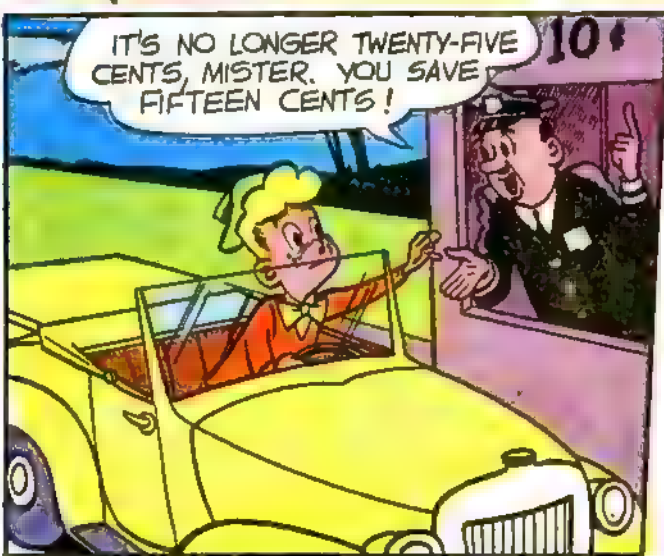
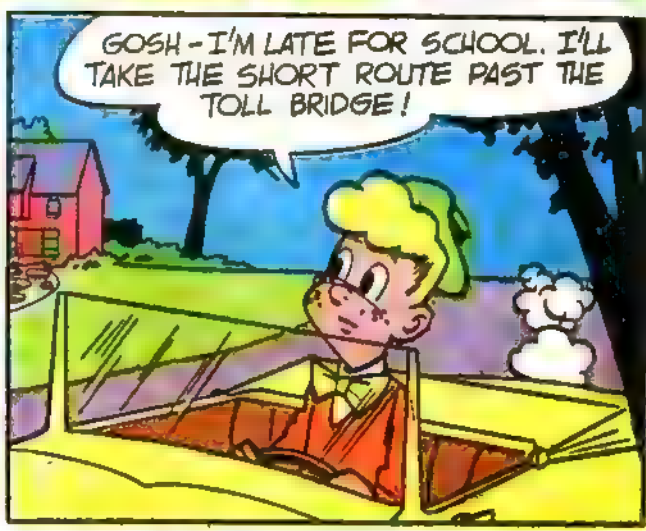
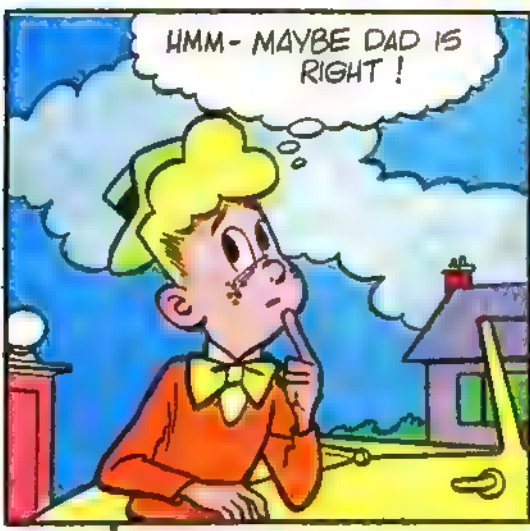
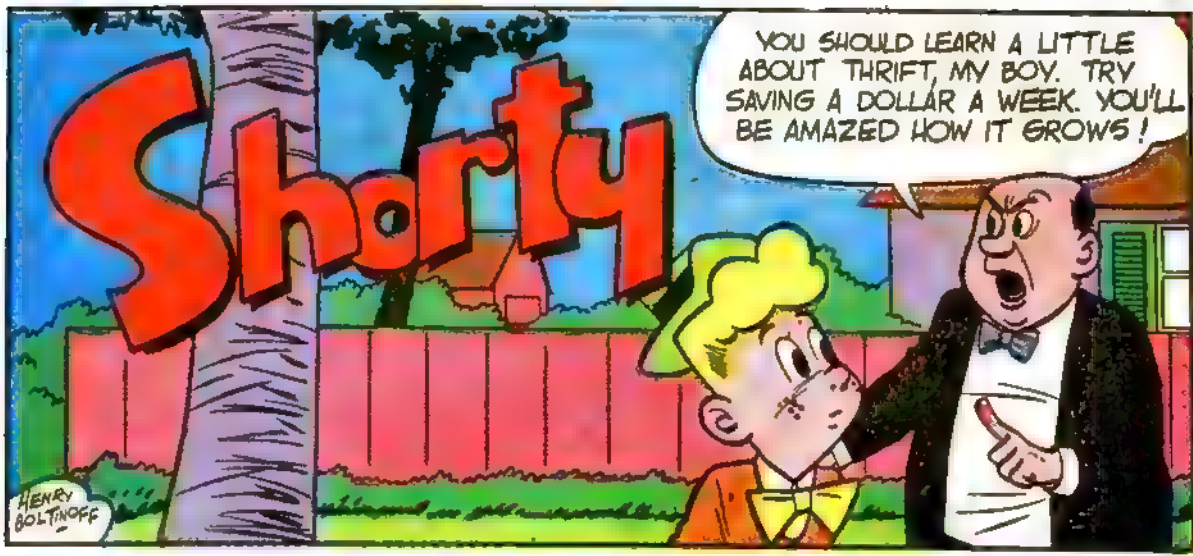
The Navy first poked its inquisitive nose into this branch of science in late 1946. Investigations began after scientists pointed out that while great progress was being made in the "technical fields," nothing was being done to improve conditions in the "human field."

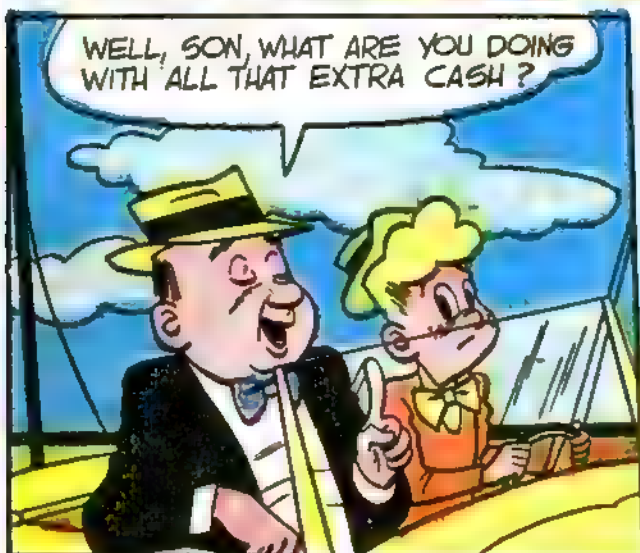
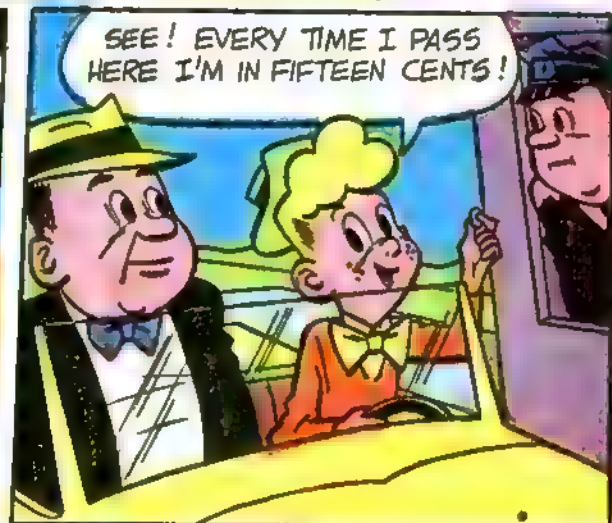
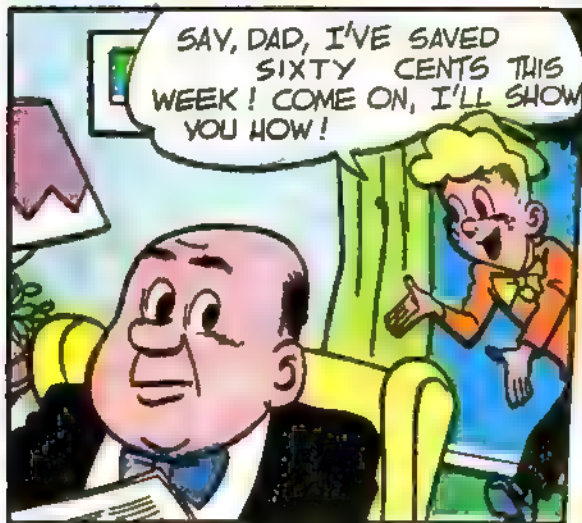
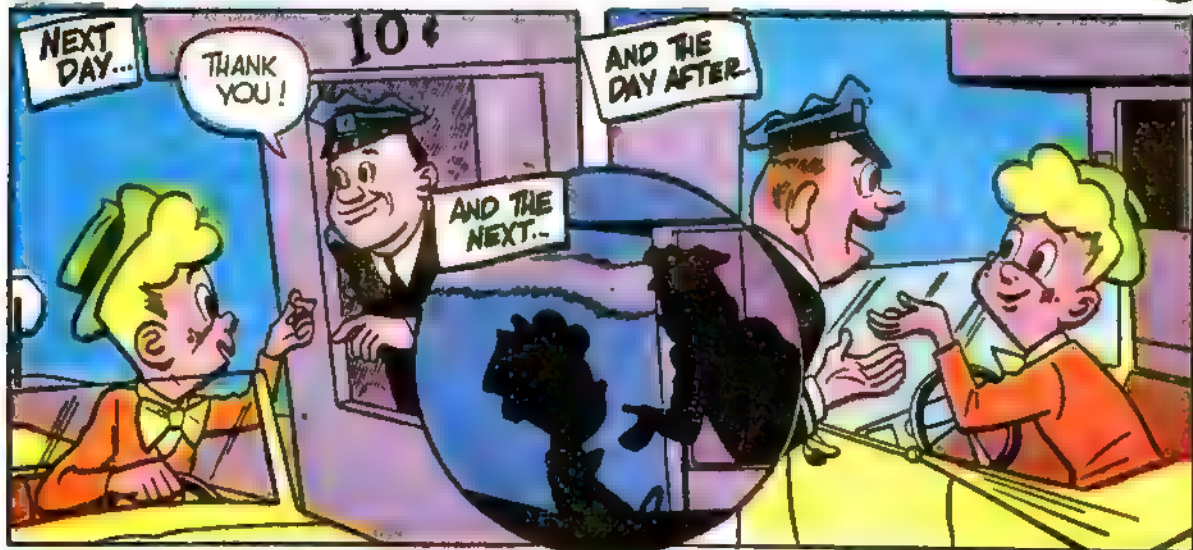
The Navy, these scientists said, is the largest technical organization in the world. It is made up of a wide variety of ships, planes, weapons and equipment that represent the developments of scientific research. The effectiveness of this equipment, the scientists argued, depends upon the men who operate, and if we cannot find ways and means to improve the efficiency of individuals and groups, then our technical progress is just like shovelling sand against the tide.

These "personality probers" say that if man had spent as much time studying *himself* as he has to building a better mouse trap, he would now be one smart cookie. Serious scientific study of human behavior has been carried on for only about 25 years, as against the centuries of scientific progress in the "material fields."

It will be a long time before the "thinking processes" of an individual can be analyzed as easily as a flaw in the main engines can be detected, but Navy scientists say that day is coming.—Earl Smith, JOC

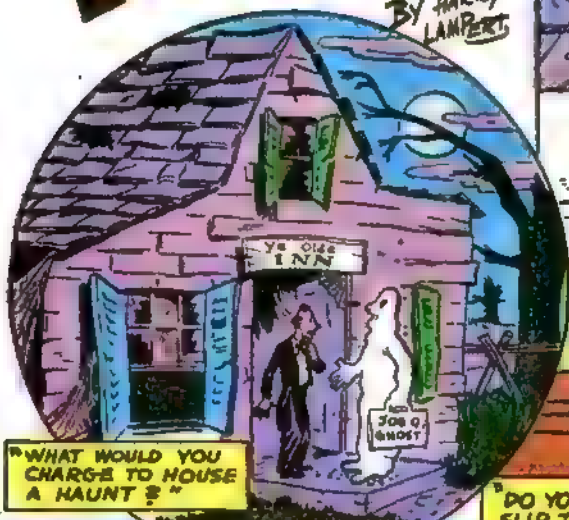
(Reprinted from ALL HANDS, The Bureau of Naval Personnel Information Bulletin)



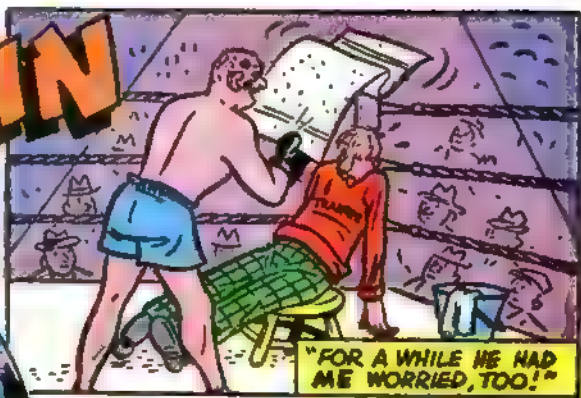


TONO' FUN

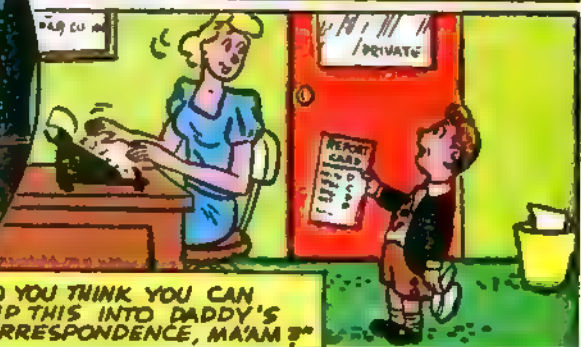
BY HARRY LAMPERT



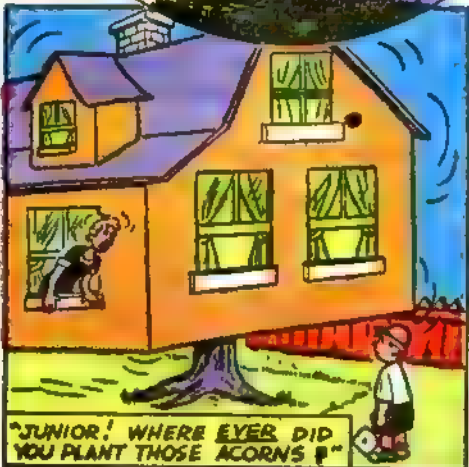
"WHAT WOULD YOU CHARGE TO HOUSE A HAUNT?"



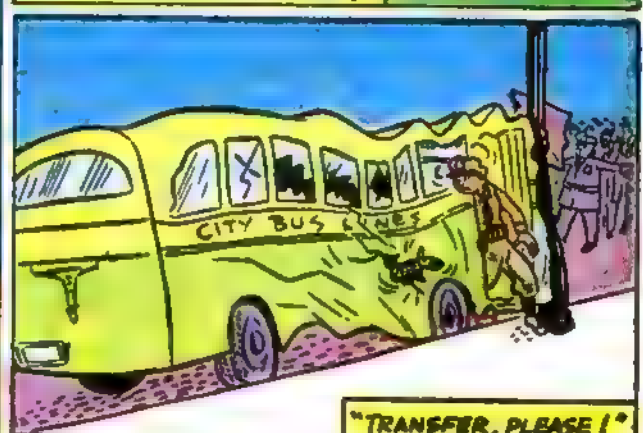
"FOR A WHILE HE HAD ME WORRIED, TOO!"



"DO YOU THINK YOU CAN SLIP THIS INTO DADDY'S CORRESPONDENCE, MA'AM?"



"JUNIOR! WHERE EVER DID YOU PLANT THOSE ACORNS?"



"TRANSFER, PLEASE!"

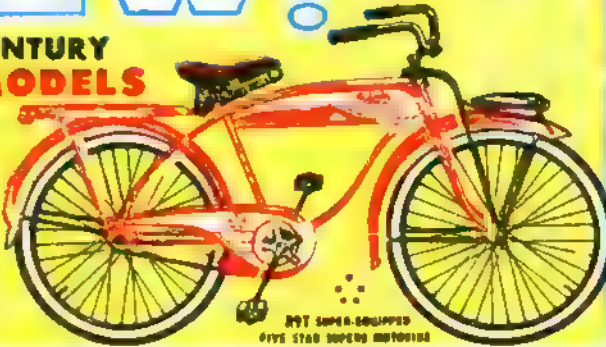
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Message to Parents



WHAT TO DO IF POLIO COMES YOUR WAY

Keep children with their own friends. Keep them away from people they have not been with right along, especially in close, daily living. Many people have polio infection without showing signs of sickness. Without knowing it, they can pass the infection on to others.

Try not to get over-tired by work, hard play or travel. If you already have the polio infection in your body, being very tired may bring on serious polio.

Keep from getting chilled. Don't bathe or swim too long in cold water. Take off wet clothes at once. Chilling can lessen your body's protection against polio.

Keep clean. Wash hands carefully before eating and always after using the toilet. Hands may carry polio infection into the body through the mouth. Also keep food clean and covered.

WATCH FOR EARLY SIGNS OF SICKNESS

Polio starts in different ways—with headache, sore throat, upset stomach or fever. Persons coming down with polio may also feel nervous, cross or dizzy. They may have trouble in swallowing or breathing. Often there is a stiff neck and back.

ACT QUICKLY—CALL YOUR DOCTOR AT ONCE

Until he comes, keep the patient quiet and in bed, away from others.

Prepared in Cooperation with The National Foundation For Infantile Paralysis

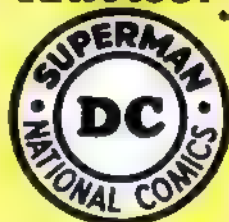
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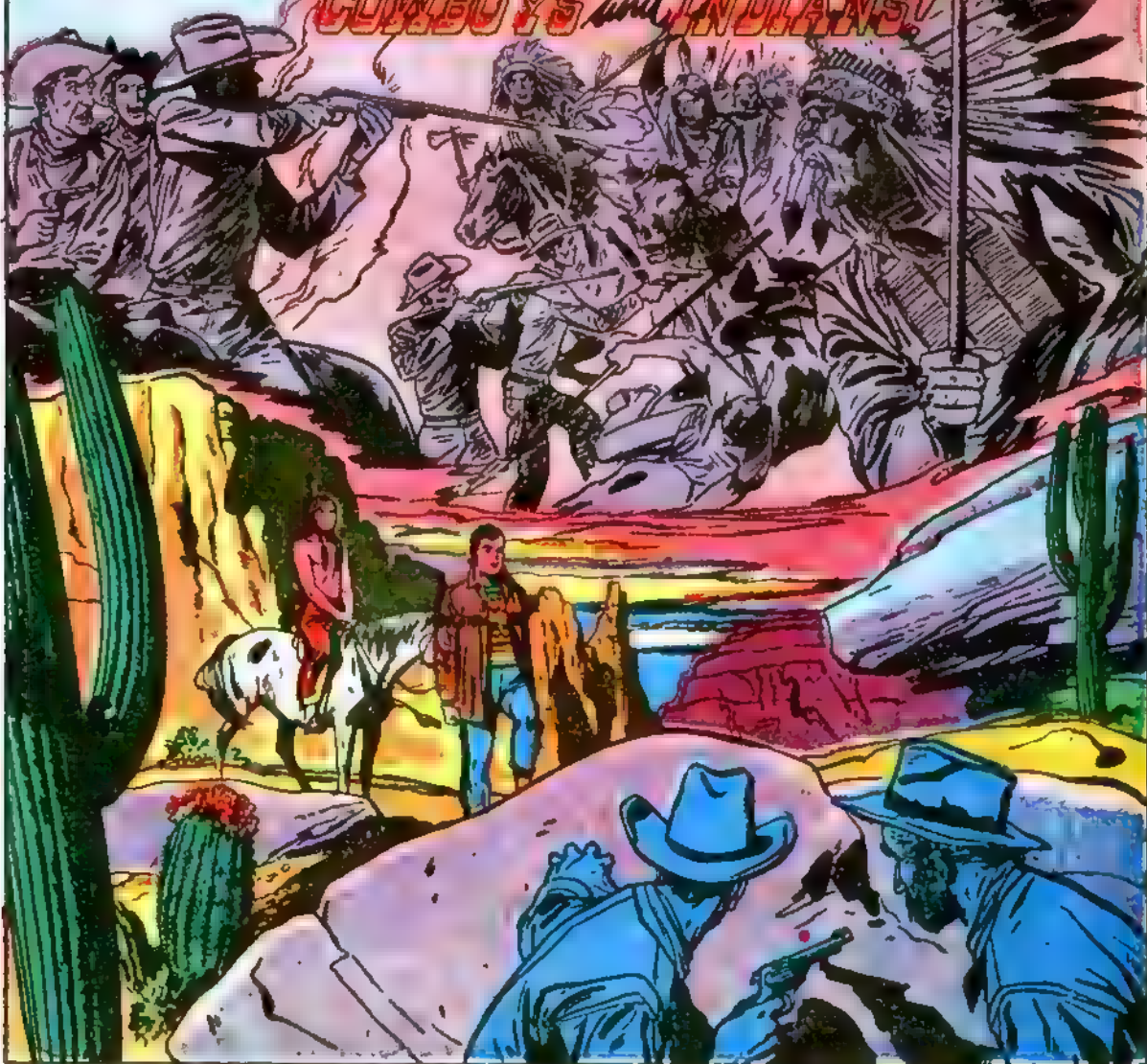
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POW-WOW SMITH



YOUNGSTERS PLAY AT GAMES WHILE LIFE'S DRAMAS GO ON ABOUT THEM! WHILE THEY PLAY, FAR OUT ON THE VAST, UNTRACKED DESERT, MAN SEEKS MAN -- AND THE ELEMENTS SEEK BOTH! THUS, FROM FAR-AWAY RED DEER VALLEY EMERGES POW-WOW SMITH, INDIAN LAWMAN, TO CONTEND WITH OTHERS IN A MIGHTY STRUGGLE OF SURVIVAL, WHILE YOUNGSTERS PLAY THE GAME OF WHICH THEY NEVER TIRE -- THE GAME OF...

"COWBOYS and INDIANS!"



A SIOUX INDIAN FROM RED DEER VALLEY--KNOWN TO THE PALE FACES AS POW-WOW SMITH--ARRIVES IN THE SMALL TOWN OF DUNEVILLE IN HIS SEARCH FOR FOUR DESPERADOS...

YEP, POW-WOW! THEM FOUR STORMED THROUGH HERE MORE'N A WEEK AGO! THEY ROBBED THE BANK, THEN HIGH-TAILED IT NORTH!

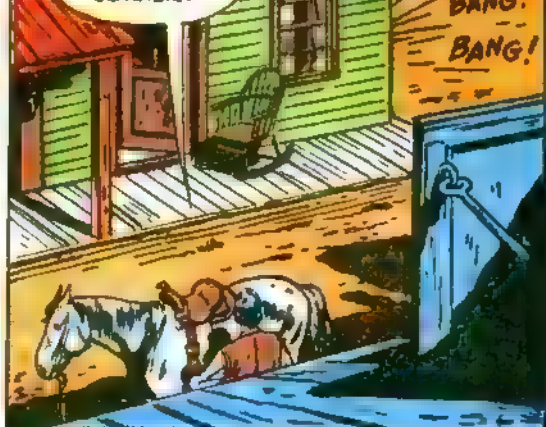
THANKS, SHERIFF! THAT MEANS I'VE GOT A LONG RIDE AHEAD!



HUH? WONDER WHAT ALL THE COMMOTION IS AROUND THE CORNER!

YIPPEEE!

BANG! BANG!



AND AROUND THE CORNER...

YIPPEEE! ANOTHER INDIAN BITES THE DUST!

BANG!

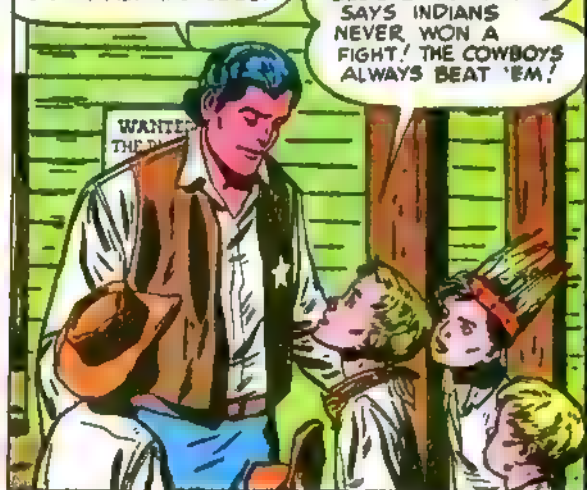
BANG!

AWW, I DON'T WANNA BE AN INDIAN ANY MORE! THEY ALWAYS LOSE!



NO, SON--THE INDIANS DIDN'T ALWAYS LOSE!

A-A-A-A...I DON'T BELIEVE IT! MY DAD SAYS INDIANS NEVER WON A FIGHT! THE COWBOYS ALWAYS BEAT 'EM!



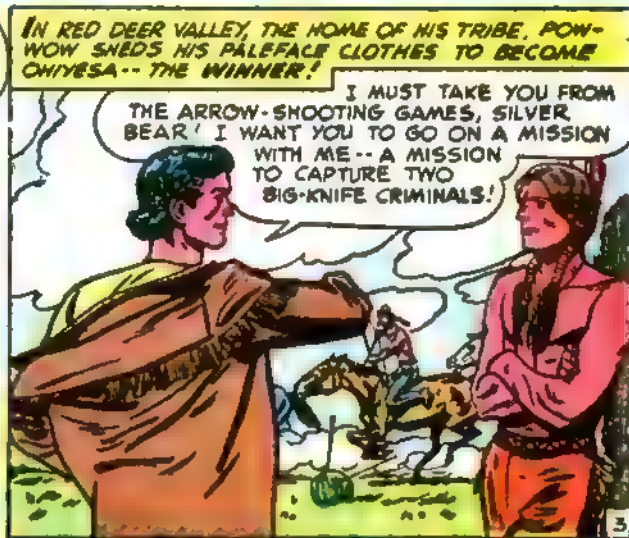
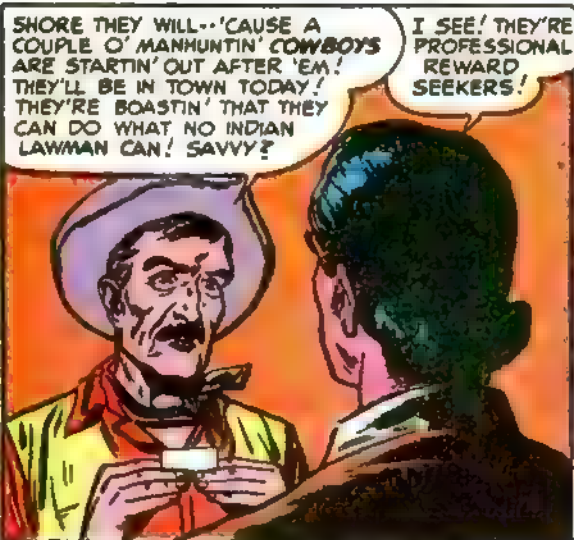
RIGHT, SON! NO INDIAN EVER LIVED THAT COULD OUTSMART A COWBOY! NOT THAT I GOT ANYTHING AG'IN YOU, POW-WOW! IT'S JUST THAT THAT'S THE WAY IT HAPPENED!

WRONG! YOUR OWN HISTORY BOOKS TELL OF MANY A BATTLE THE INDIANS WON!

NEVER DID READ THE HISTORY BOOKS VERY MUCH! BUT I CAN READ SIGNS--LIKE THAT ONE THERE SHOWIN' THE DILLON BOYS! WORD IS THAT YUH BEEN AFTER 'EM ALMOST A MONTH NOW--AN' YUH HAVEN'T CAUGHT UP WITH 'EM!

THEY'LL BE CAPTURED IN DUE TIME, I ASSURE YOU!

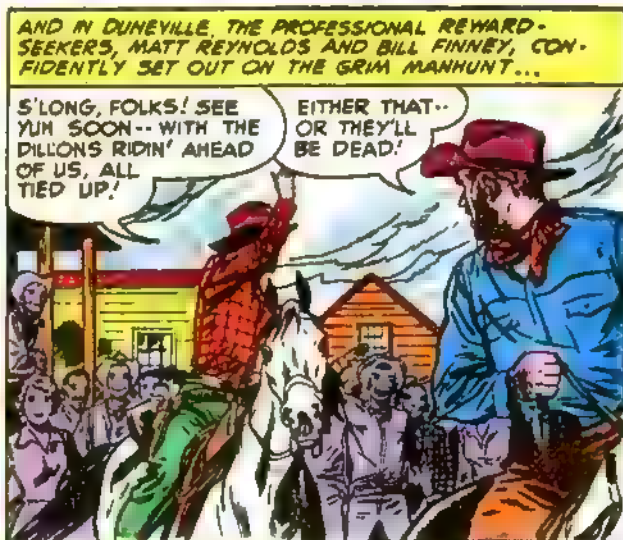






THERE IS NO ONE I WOULD RATHER HAVE AT MY SIDE, SILVER BEAR!

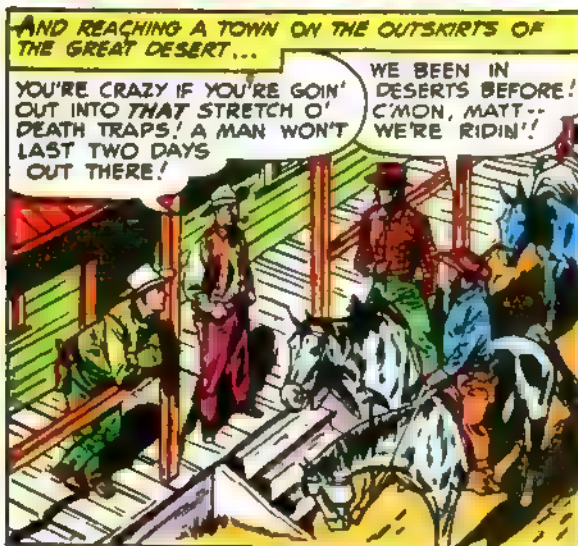
AND THERE IS NONE I WOULD RATHER BE WITH! I WILL GO WITH YOU, OHIYESA!



AND IN DUNEVILLE, THE PROFESSIONAL REWARD-SEEKERS, MATT REYNOLDS AND BILL FINNEY, CONFIDENTLY SET OUT ON THE GRIM MANHUNT...

S'LONG, FOLKS! SEE YUM SOON-- WITH THE DILLONS RIDIN' AHEAD OF US, ALL TIED UP!

EITHER THAT-- OR THEY'LL BE DEAD!



AND REACHING A TOWN ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE GREAT DESERT...

YOU'RE CRAZY IF YOU'RE GOIN' OUT INTO THAT STRETCH O' DEATH TRAPS! A MAN WON'T LAST TWO DAYS OUT THERE!

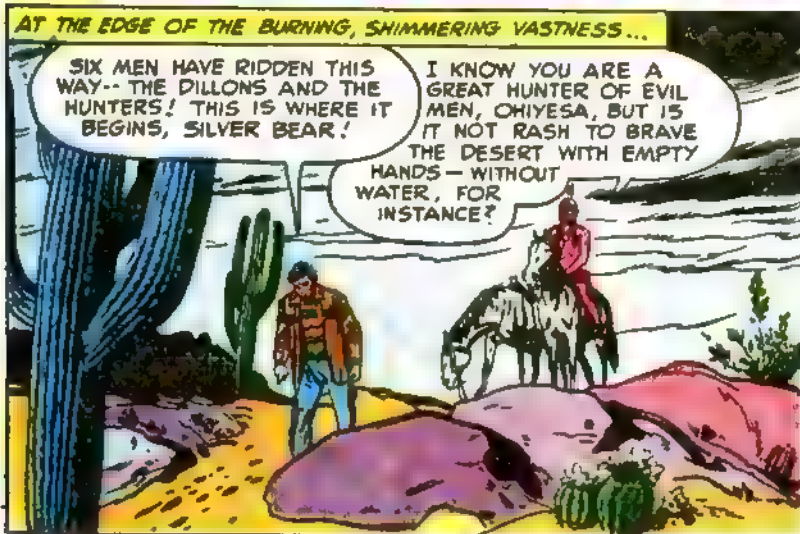
WE BEEN IN DESERTS BEFORE! C'MON, MATT-- WE'RE RIDIN'!



AN HOUR LATER...

THE DILLONS WENT INTO THE DESERT, POW-WOW! AND YOU'RE THE SECOND PARTY THAT'S ASKED AFTER 'EM IN A HOUR! YOU AIMIN' TO LEAVE YOUR BONES IN THE DESERT, TOO?

NO, SHERIFF, I'M AIMING TO MAKE A CERTAIN YOUNGSTER GLAD TO PLAY "INDIAN." SO LONG..



AT THE EDGE OF THE BURNING, SHIMMERING VASTNESS...

SIX MEN HAVE RIDDEN THIS WAY-- THE DILLONS AND THE HUNTERS! THIS IS WHERE IT BEGINS, SILVER BEAR!

I KNOW YOU ARE A GREAT HUNTER OF EVIL MEN, OHIYESA, BUT IS IT NOT RASH TO BRAVE THE DESERT WITH EMPTY HANDS-- WITHOUT WATER, FOR INSTANCE?



THE DAY IS LONG, DAY WILL FOLLOW DAY, THE MORE WATER CARRIED, THE HEAVIER OUR LOAD, THE SLOWER OUR PACE. THE DESERT WILL FURNISH WATER TO THOSE WHO KNOW HOW TO FIND IT!

FAR AHEAD, THE DILLOYS SPUR THEIR HORSES ACROSS THE BURNING SAND...

WE GOTTA FIGGER THAT SOMEONE MIGHT FOLLOW US, SO WE GOTTA PUT A LOT O' DISTANCE BETWEEN THEM AN' US!

BUT SUCH A TERRIBLE PACE DEMANDS WATER-- MORE AND MORE WATER...

IT'S GOT TO, IF BIFF! MY WATER'S ABOUT YUH WANT TO LIVE AN' GONE! IT WON'T LAST RETIRE IN MEXICO F'R OUT THE TRIP! LIFE! THAT GOES F'R ALL OF US! I AIN'T DYIN' OUT HERE IN NO DESERT! NOT ME!

WHILE SOMEWHERE BEHIND...

THEY'RE TRAVELIN' FAST, BILL, WHICH IS ALL TO THE GOOD!

YEP, FASTER THEY GO, SOONER THEY WON'T BE GOIN' AT ALL! WE GO SLOWER, USE LESS WATER, THEN PICK 'EM UP LIKE WINDFALL APPLES.

I'M GETTIN' MORE AND MORE CERTAIN O' THAT REWARD MONEY! THE INDIANS WILL HAVE TO TURN BACK! INDIANS THINK THEY CAN LIVE OFF THE LAND, BUT WHERE ARE THEY GONNA FIND GRUB IN THE DESERT! HA! WE GOT OURS IN CANS!

AN' IT TASTES AS GOOD AS ANY GRUB I EVER ATE!

BUT, ALTHOUGH THE SIOUX BRAVES CARRY ONLY SMALL SKIN-CANTEENS OF WATER, AND NO FOOD SUPPLY AT ALL...

THE DESERT IS DEADLY TO THOSE WHO DON'T KNOW ITS WAYS. WRING THE PULP OF THE BARREL-HEAD CACTUS AND WATER COMES. WE'LL WATER THE PONIES FIRST, SILVER BEAR-- THEN US!

HOW MANY KNOW THAT PETALS FROM MOST DESERT FLOWERS ARE EDIBLE-- THAT THE FRUIT OF THE PRICKLY PEAR CAN SUPPLY A NOURISHING MEAL!

AYE, WE LIVE OFF THE DESERT AND TRAVEL LIGHT, UNWEIGHTED BY THE BURDEN OF SUPPLIES. THAT GIVES US AN ADVANTAGE IN PURSUIT!

THE NIGHTS GET BITTER COLD IN THE DESERT HIGHLANDS--AND THE BANDITS SLEEP UNDER HEAVY BLANKETS...

GOOD THING WE BROUGHT THESE BLANKETS ALONG--OR WE'D FREEZE T' DEATH! YUH'D NEVER KNOW THAT A PLACE SO HOT IN THE DAY COULD BE SO COLD AT NIGHT! BRRR!

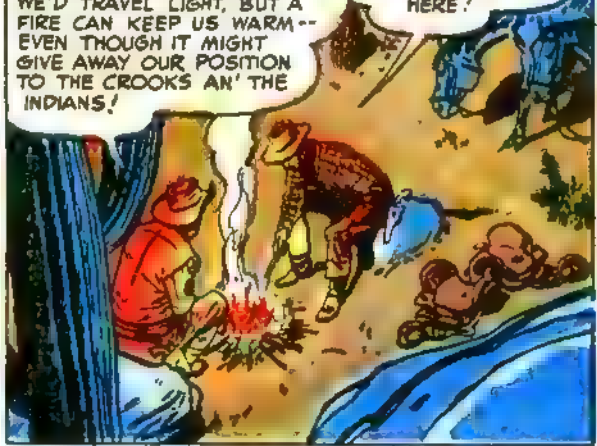
THE WEIGHT O' THESE BLANKETS SLOWS DOWN THE HOSSES, BUT THEY'RE WORTH IT AT NIGHT!



WHILE BEHIND, TWO GRIM MANHUNTERS ALSO PREPARE FOR THE PENETRATING CHILL...

WE SACRIFICED BLANKETS SO WE'D TRAVEL LIGHT, BUT A FIRE CAN KEEP US WARM--EVEN THOUGH IT MIGHT GIVE AWAY OUR POSITION TO THE CROOKS AN' THE INDIANS!

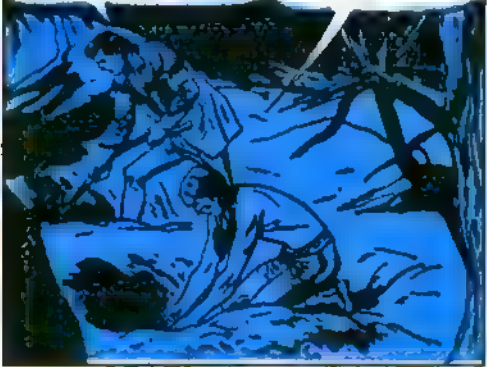
THAT'S BETTER'N FREEZIN' OUT HERE!



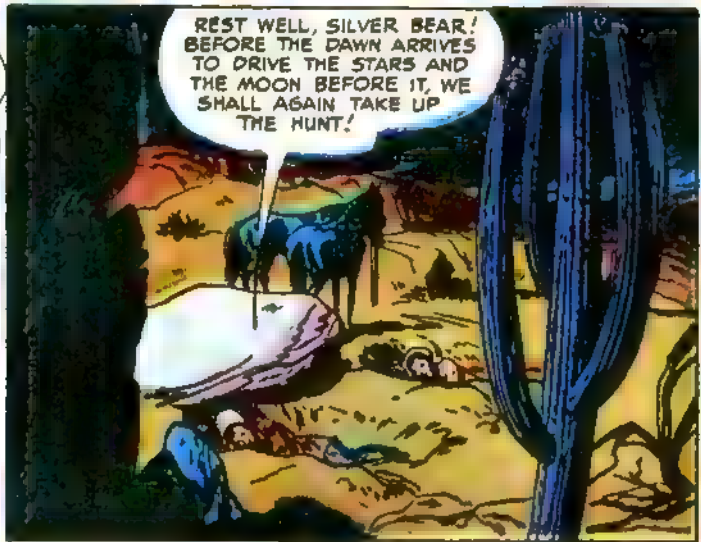
AS FOR POW-WOW SMITH AND SILVER BEAR...

IN THE COLD OF THE DESERT NIGHT, ONE NEEDS NEITHER BLANKETS NOR FIRES--BOTH OF WHICH ARE GREAT DISADVANTAGES!

YES, A WARM BED CAN BE HAD BY DIGGING INTO THE SANDS AS DO THE CREATURES OF THE DESERT!



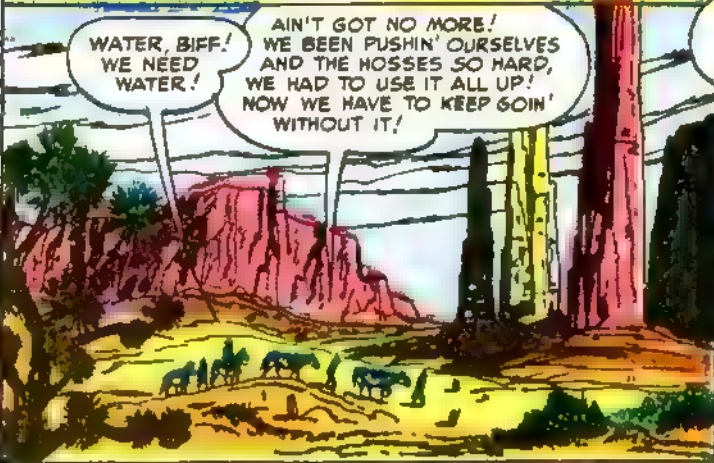
REST WELL, SILVER BEAR! BEFORE THE DAWN ARRIVES TO DRIVE THE STARS AND THE MOON BEFORE IT, WE SHALL AGAIN TAKE UP THE HUNT!



A BLAZING HOT SUN USHERS IN THE FOLLOWING DAY--AND THE FLEEING DILLONS, DRY-THROATED AND TIRING FAST, MOVE SLOWER AND SLOWER ACROSS THE SEA OF SAND...

WATER, BIFF! WE NEED WATER!

AIN'T GOT NO MORE! WE BEEN PUSHIN' OURSELVES AND THE HOSSES SO HARD, WE HAD TO USE IT ALL UP! NOW WE HAVE TO KEEP GOIN' WITHOUT IT!

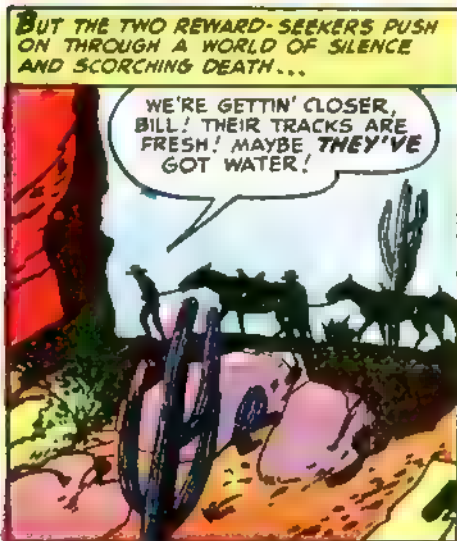
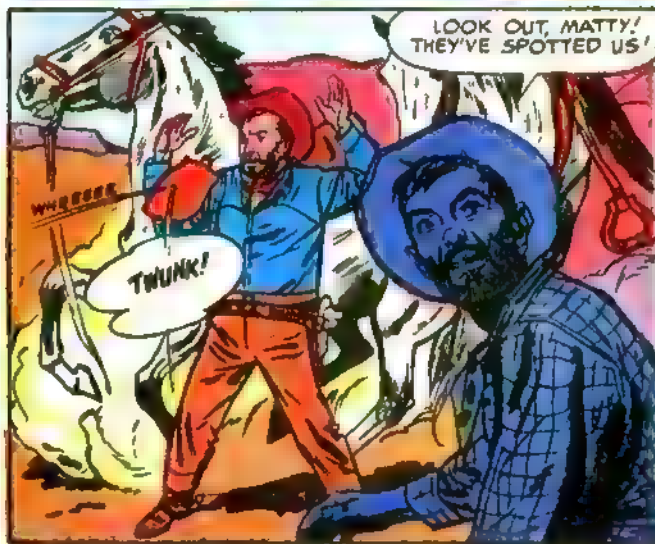
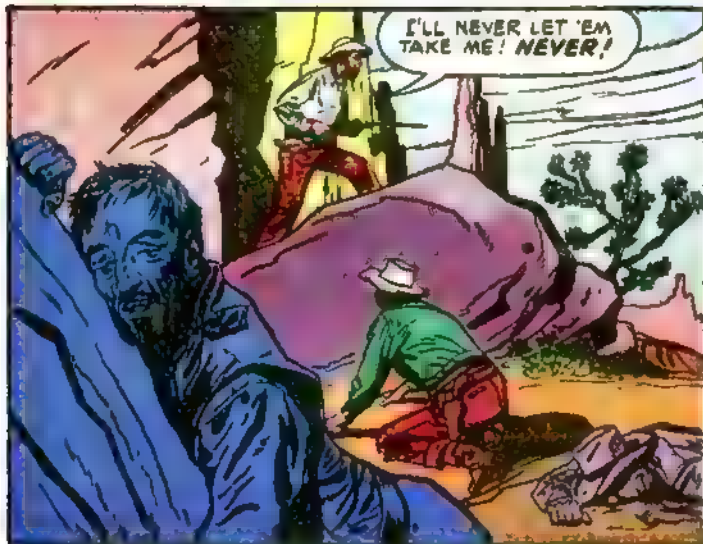


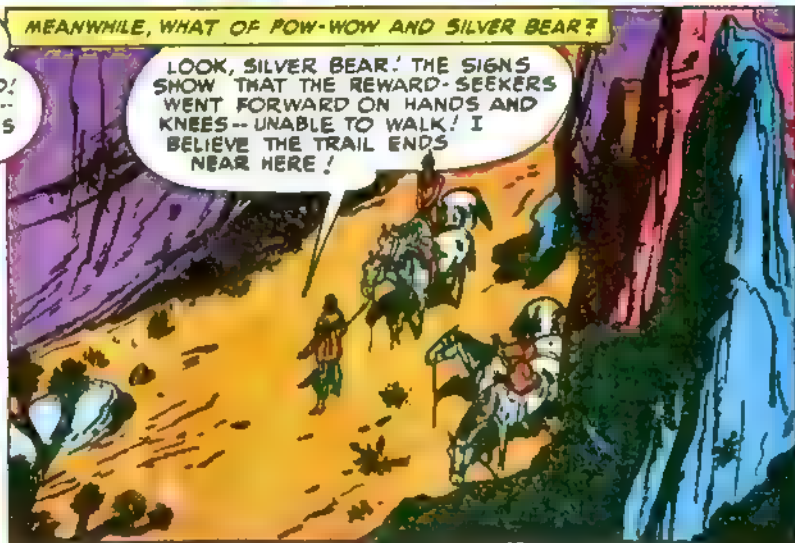
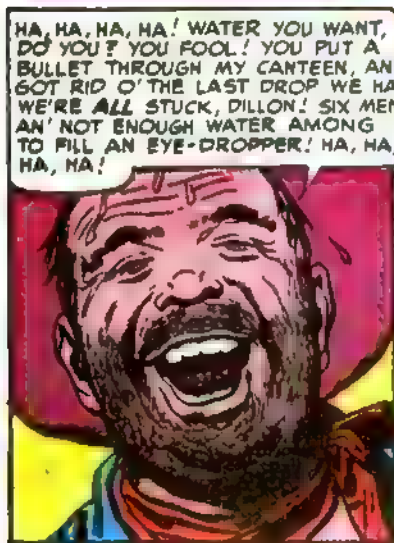
AT NOON, BIFF DILLON SCANS THE SCORCHED HORIZON WITH FIELD GLASSES...

TWO MEN AN' TWO HOSSES WAY OFF YONDER! THEY'RE CATCHIN' UP, BOYS!

LET 'EM CATCH US, BIFF! MAYBE THEY GOT WATER! IT AIN'T WORTH IT TO KEEP RUNNIN'! WE'LL DIE!







ALL OF THEM HAVE STOPPED THERE IN THE GULLEY! WHY? BECAUSE THEIR WATER IS GONE! WE CAN'T GO INTO THE LAIR, AFTER THE OUTLAWS BECAUSE THEY WILL KILL THE REWARD SEEKERS--BUT NIGHT FALLS, AND I HAVE ANOTHER PLAN!



ONCE MORE A FIERY RED SUN SINKS IN THE WEST--BRINGING ON THE COLD DARKNESS. THEN POW-WOW SMITH CLIMBERS TO THE TOP OF THE ROCK FORMATION, AND MAKES A TINY PUNCTURE IN HIS CANTEEN...

NOW...



THEN... THIRSTY MEN CANNOT BEAR THE SOUND OF DRIPPING WATER! STAY IN THE SHADOWS, MY FRIEND, AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS...



THROUGH THE STILL OF THE NIGHT, WHERE SOUND TRAVELS FAR, THE TANTALIZING SOUND OF DRIPPING WATER REACHES THE GULLEY...

LISTEN!

WATER! I CAN HEAR IT! AND IT'S NOT FAR AWAY!

DRIP

DRIP



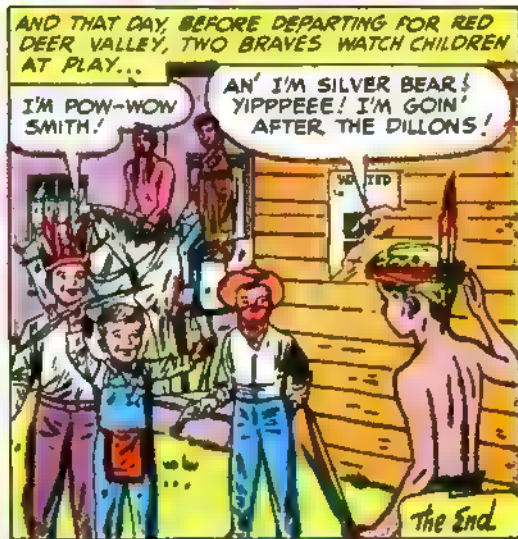
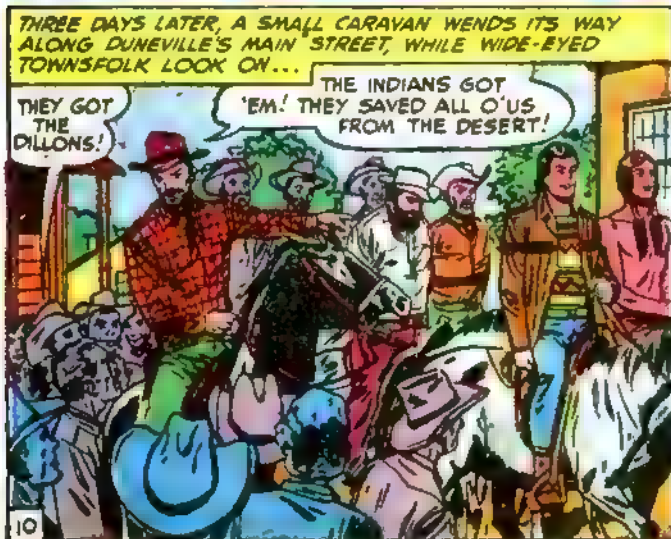
THE REST OF US WILL WAIT! GET OUT THERE, JEFF--AN' FILL A CANTEEN!

DRIP... DRIP...

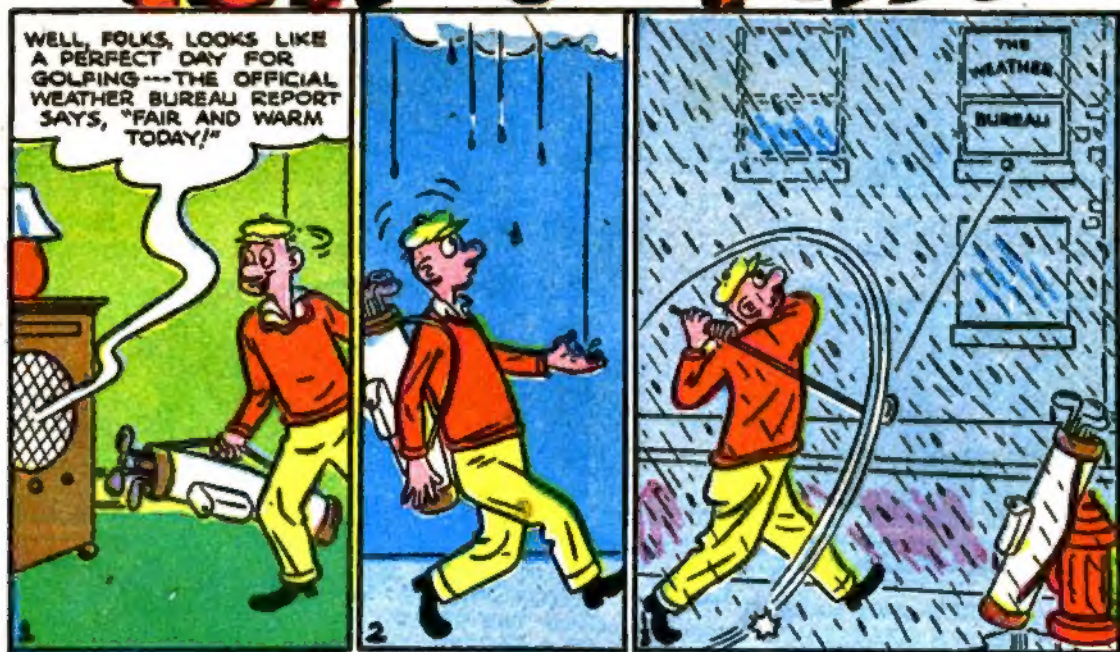


AS ALWAYS, A GOOD LURE WILL DRAW THE QUARRY TO THE TRAP...





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FLYING ABOVE THE STREETS OF SMALLVILLE, THE BOY OF STEEL SIGHTS A DEJECTED-LOOKING YOUTH...

HIYA, JIM! DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE LOOKING FOR ANOTHER JOB AGAIN?

YES, SUPERBOY.. BUT I GUESS I'M NOT AS GOOD AT SELLING AS I THOUGHT I'D BE.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCY

WELL, WHO SAID YOU HAVE TO STICK TO THAT FIELD? ... YOU KNOW, JIM, WHAT YOU NEED IS A QUICK VISIT TO SOME OF YOUR FORMER CLASSMATES WHO WERE GRADUATED AT THE SAME TIME YOU WERE!

AND THERE'S ED BARRY, ASSISTING THE RECREATIONAL DIRECTOR OF OUR YOUTH CENTER. THAT'S ONLY THE START OF A CAREER. I'M SURE HE DIDN'T DECIDE ON IN A MINUTE!

AND SO, A LITTLE LATER...

NOW, THERE'S JUDY HARPER STUDYING IN A COLLEGE LABORATORY FOR A SCIENTIFIC CAREER.

YES, I REMEMBER SHE WAS ALWAYS KEEN ON CHEMISTRY IN HIGH SCHOOL!

NO, HE USED TO BE A CAMP COUNSELOR, AND ALWAYS TALKED ABOUT MAJORING IN SOCIAL WELFARE WORK IN COLLEGE!

EXACTLY! TROUBLE WITH YOU, JIM, WAS THAT YOU DIDN'T THINK OF YOUR BEST APTITUDES ... NOW, DIDN'T YOU WORK AT JOE'S GARAGE DURING SUMMER MONTHS?

WHY, YES, BUT I DIDN'T TAKE THAT SERIOUSLY... HMM... I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN...

AND A WEEK LATER...

GOSH, SUPERBOY, YOU SURE PUT ME ON THE RIGHT TRACK! THIS IS THE KIND OF JOB I'M GOOD AT! AND I'M TAKING NIGHT COURSES IN MECHANICS TO GET AHEAD!

DON'T WAIT FOR GRADUATION TO DECIDE ABOUT YOUR CAREER! ASK YOURSELF WHAT YOU'RE BEST SUITED FOR... CHECK WITH YOUR TEACHERS... TALK TO A VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE COUNSELOR. THEN YOU'LL BE ABLE TO MAKE THE MOST OF YOUR OPPORTUNITIES, WHEN YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN!



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—Red Ryder

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IT SHOWS YOU NOW!
—Red Ryder



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